SEVEN

by

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SHOOTING DRAFT	11/1/94
PINK REV.	11/28/94
BLUE REV.	12/3/94
YELLOW REV.	12/6/94
GREEN REV.	12/10/94
GOLD REV.	1/11/95
BUFF REV.	2/9/95

For Educational Purposes Only

The world is a fine place,
and worth fighting for.

-Ernest Hemingway
For Whom the Bell Tolls
1940

1 INT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Sunlight comes through the soot on the windows, more brown than bright. SOMERSET, 45, stands in one corner of this small, second-story room. He looks over the ceiling, looks down at the worn wooden floors, looks at the peeling wallpaper.

He walks to the center of the room, continues his study, taking his time. He halts; turns to one wall where the current wallpaper is torn away to reveal flowery wallpaper underneath.

Somerset goes to this wall and runs his finger across one of the pale, red roses which decorates the older paper. He pushes the grime away, brings the rose out more clearly..

He reaches into his suit pocket and takes out a switchblade. He flips the thin, lethal blade free. Working deliberately, delicately, Somerset cuts a square around the rose, then peels the square of dry wallpaper away from the wall. He studies it.

2 EXT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Somerset stands in front of the old home. He looks out at the surrounding farms and forests. He ponders something.

MAN (O.S.)
Is something wrong?

Somerset does not respond, just stares off. The MAN, 34, wears a real-estate broker's jacket, stands beside a FOR SALE sign.

MAN
Is there something the matter?

Somerset turns to face the man, then looks back at the house.

SOMERSET
No. No... it's just that everything here seems... so strange.

MAN
Strange? There's nothing strange about this place. The house'll need a little fixing up, that's for sure...

SOMERSET
No. I like the house, and this place.

MAN
I was going to say. Cause this place is about as normal as places get.

Somerset nods, taking a deep breath. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

SOMERSET
That's what I mean.

Somerset looks back to the landscape. The man does not understand. A TRUCK roars past in the roadway...

WIPE TO BLACK:

2A CREDITS ROLL 2A

WIPE TO:

3 THRU 4 OMITTED 3 THRU 4

5 OMIT 5

6 EXT. CITY STREET, TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT 6

Somerset carries his suitcase outside the station. The city demands attention: cars and sirens screeching, people yelling.

Somerset passes a family of bewildered tourists. A WEIRD MAN has a hand on the tourist-father's suitcase. It has become a tugging match with the Weird Man shouting, "I'll take you to a taxi... I'll take you." Ahead, a group is gathered on the sidewalk near two ambulances. People clamor to get a look at a BLOODY BODY.

Policemen try to hold the crowd off. Ambulance attendants administer aid to the victim, who convulses. Somerset moves by, ignoring it all. He motions for a cab. One pulls up from the street's stream of vehicles.

7 INT. CAB -- NIGHT 7

Somerset throws his suitcase in and shuts the door behind him.

CAB DRIVER
(about the crowd)
What's the big fuss?

Somerset looks out at the crowd, looks at the driver.

SOMERSET
Do you care?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

CAB DRIVER
(under his breath)
Well, excuse me all to hell.

The driver leans forward, checking it out. The circle of spectators shifts suddenly. A man has shoved another man and they're really going at it now. They swing and tear at each other's clothing. One man's flailing fist connects and the other man's face is bloodied. The fight grows even more spastic as Policemen try to stop it.

CAB DRIVER
Crazy fucks.

The driver pulls away. Somerset watches the parade of neon passing on the avenue. He slumps back and closes his eyes.

CAB DRIVER
Where you headed?

Somerset opens his eyes.

SOMERSET
Far away from here.

8 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 8

The curtains are closed. A CAR ALARM is SOUNDING, shrill and clear. Somerset's life is packed into moving boxes, except for clothing in a closet and hundreds of books on shelves. Somerset is lying on the bed, in his underwear.

He reaches to the nightstand, to a wooden, pyramidical metronome. He frees the metronome's weighted swingarm so it moves back and forth. Swings to the left -- TICK, swings to the right -- TICK. Tick... tick... tick... measured and steady.

Somerset situates on the bed, closes his eyes.

Tick... tick... tick. The metronome's sound competes with the sound of the car alarm. Somerset's face tightens as he concentrates. His eyes close tighter. Tick... tick... tick. The swingarm moves evenly. Somerset's breathing deepens.

Tick... tick... tick. The car alarm seems quieter.

Tick... tick... tick. Somerset continues his concentration. The metronome's sound seems louder.

Tick... tick... tick. The sound of the car alarm fades, and is GONE. The metronome is the only sound. Somerset's face relaxes as he begins to fall asleep. Tick... tick... tick...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

SUNDAY

9 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Quiet. Somerset stands before a mirror, tying his tie, carefully, making sure the knot is neat, smoothing his shirt.

Next, he takes his suit jacket off the neatly made bed. He holds the jacket up on its hanger, brushing off a speck and inspecting it before sliding it on.

Somerset picks items off a moving box: his keys, wallet, switchblade, gold homicide badge. Finally, he opens the hardcover book from the train. From the pages, he takes the pale, paper rose.

10 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- DAY 1

Somerset stands before a wall which is stained by a star-burst of blood. A body lies under a sheet. A sawed-off shotgun lies not far from the body. The apartment is gloomy.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR, 52, stands looking through a notepad.

TAYLOR
Neighbors heard them screaming at each other for like two hours. It was nothing new. But, then they heard the gun go off. Both barrels.

SOMERSET
Did she confess?

TAYLOR
She was trying to put his head together. She was crying too hard to say anything.

Somerset beings walking around the apartment.

SOMERSET
Why always after the fact... this sudden realization that person will cease to exist?

TAYLOR
Crime of passion.

SOMERSET
Look at all the passion on that wall.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

TAYLOR
This is a done deal. All but the paperwork.

Taylor shifts his weight, impatient. Somerset looks at a coloring book open on the coffee table. There are crayons beside it. Somerset picks the book up, flips through the pages.

SOMERSET
Did the kid see it?

TAYLOR
I don't know.

Taylor closes his notebook, perturbed. Somerset looks at the pictures of cute, crudely colored animals.

TAYLOR
What kind of fucking question is that?

Taylor grabs the coloring book to get his attention.

TAYLOR
You know, we're all real glad we're getting rid of you, Somerset. You know that? It's always these questions with you... "Did the kid see it?" Well, who gives a fuck? Huh?
(points)
He's dead. His wife killed him.

Taylor throws the coloring book back to Somerset and walks.

TAYLOR
Anything else has nothing to do with us.

Taylor leaves, pushing past DETECTIVE DAVID MILLS, 31, who is just entering. Mills is muscular and handsome. He looks back at Taylor, then around the apartment, a bit disoriented.

Somerset puts down the coloring book. He stares at the floor, showing no reaction to Taylor's tantrum.

MILLS
Uh, Lieutenant Somerset... ? I'm Detective Mills.

11 EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY 11

A body bag is carried through a crowd of people outside the tenement building. Somerset and Mills follow. They walk towards the end of the filthy block, past a man urinating on a car.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

MILLS
I'm a little thrown. I just got in town like twenty minutes ago and they dumped me here.

SOMERSET
I thought we could go to a bar, Detective Mills... sit and talk for awhile...

MILLS
(interrupting)
If it's all the same, I'd like to get to the precinct. We don't have much time for this whole transition thing..

Somerset keeps walking, says nothing.

MILLS
You know... get the feel of it. Meet the people.

SOMERSET
I meant to ask you something, when we spoke on the phone. Why here?

MILLS
I... I don't follow.

SOMERSET
All this effort to get transferred, it's the first question that pops into my head.

MILLS
I'm here for the same reasons as you. Or, the same reasons you used to have... before you decided to... quit.

Somerset stops and faces Mills.

SOMERSET
You just met me.

MILLS
Maybe I'm not understanding the question.

SOMERSET
It's very simple. You <u>fought</u> to get reassigned here. I've just never seen it done that way before, Detective.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2 11

MILLS
I thought I could do more good here. Look, it'd be great by me if we didn't start right off kicking each other in the balls. But, you're calling the shots, Lieutenant, so...

SOMERSET
I want you to look, and I want you to listen.

MILLS
I wasn't standing around guarding the Taco Bell. I've worked homicide for five and a half years.

SOMERSET
Not here.

MILLS
I realize that.

SOMERSET
Well, over the next seven days, do me the favor of remembering it.

Somerset walks away. Mills stands a moment, pissed. He follows.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

MONDAY

12 OMIT 12

13 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING 13

It is barely light outside. Mills is wide awake in bed beside the sleeping form of his wife, TRACY, 30. Mills looks tired. He listens to passing traffic. He covers his eyes with his forearm.

He sits up, frustrated. This gets the attention of TWO DOGS lying on the floor, a golden retriever and a collie, who look to Mills. The room is a shambles, filled with moving boxes.

Light coming through the window glows upon a football trophy sticking from one box. Large and noble, a golden player stands in frozen motion at the trophy's pinnacle.

Mills looks at the trophy and a fond smile forms on his face. The PHONE RINGS. Mills looks towards it. Tracy awakens. She looks up with half-opened eyes, a beautiful woman.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

TRACY
What is it?

Phone rings. Mills reaches to touch Tracy's shoulder.

MILLS
It's okay.

Mills leans to get the phone. Tracy seems frightened.

TRACY
Honey... where are we?

14 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ALLEYWAY -- EARLY MORNING 14

The trunk of Somerset's car contain's a homicide kit: rain gear, surgical gear, etc. Somerset takes out rubber gloves and pockets them, then two flashlights, closing the trunk. He walks to join Mills and OFFICER DAVIS, a uniformed cop.

They pass police cars and head into a trash strewn alley. Davis hands Somerset a cup of coffee.

DAVIS
Everything's like I found it.

SOMERSET
What time was the death confirmed?

DAVIS
Like I said, I didn't touch anything, but he's had his face in a plate of spaghetti for forty-five minutes now.

Davis pulls open a rusty side door...

15 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- EARLY MORNING 15

They enter a dark, ugly stairwell.

MILLS
(to Davis)
Wait a minute... you mean nobody even checked to see if he was still alive?

DAVIS
Did I stutter? Believe me, unless he's breathing spaghetti sauce, he ain't breathing.

MILLS
All I'm saying is...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

DAVIS
Begging your pardon, the guy's sitting in pile of his own shit. If he ain't dead, he would've stood up by now.

Mills is angry, about to speak, but Somerset heads him off.

SOMERSET
(to Davis)
Thank you, officer. We'll need to talk to you again, after we've looked around.

DAVIS
Yes, sir.

Davis walks out, eyeing Mills. Mills watches him go. The rusty door slams shut. It's very dark. Somerset turns on his flashlight, hands the other to Mills and starts upstairs.

A DEPUTY stands by the entrance with a LOG BOOK in hand.

DEPUTY
Hey, Somerset.

The deputy writes Somerset's name in the log book. Mills looks to the Deputy as he passes.

MILLS
(to Deputy)
Mills.

The Deputy writes Mills in. Mills follows Somerset through the twists and turns of a hallway.

SOMERSET
I wonder what exactly was the point of the conversation you were about to get into back there?

MILLS
And I wonder how many times he's found bodies that weren't really dead until he was calling it in and eating a donut.

SOMERSET
Drop it.

MILLS
For now.

16 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING 16

Somerset comes from the stairwell. At the end of the dank hall, a door is open. Mills and Somerset move on.

Somerset takes out rubber gloves. A RECYCLING BIN sits outside the door. It contains many neat stacks of READER'S DIGEST.

17 INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- EARLY MORNING 17

Dim lights on in this room. Somerset and Mills cross. A couch against one wall is piled with yellowed, once white pillows. It faces two small televisions, both on with no sound.

18 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- EARLY MORNING 18

Somerset and Mills enter, using their flashlights in the dark. Mills takes out a handkerchief, covering his nose.

Somerset sweeps the room with his flashlight...

At the stove, each burner has a used pot or pan on it. Food has been slopped there and on the adjoining counter-top and sink. Used utensils are everywhere, along with empty tin cans and jars. Cockroaches swarm.

The flashlight beam follows a trail of dripped sauces, soups and crumbs of food across the floor from the stove to a kitchen table. The kitchen table is covered in soiled paper plates which hold bits of half-eaten sandwiches, potatoes, beef stew, donuts and many other junk foods.

The kitchen is tiny; barely enough room for three people. The kitchen table is at the center. An OBESE MAN is slumped forward in a kitchen chair, face down dead in a plate of spaghetti.

MILLS
Somebody phone Guiness. I think we've got a record here.

Mills walks to the dead man, leaning to study, without touching.

MILLS
Who said this was murder?

SOMERSET
No one yet.

MILLS
This guy's heart's got to be the size of a canned ham. If this isn't a coronary, I don't know what is.

Somerset moves his flashlight beam down the obese corpse, stops at the man's feet. Somerset kneels.

At the obese man's pants cuff, there's a tiny point of metal sticking out. Somerset uses a pen to lift the pants leg. Razor wire is tied around the swollen, purple ankle.

MILLS
Or not.

Somerset stands and steps back. Mills bends to take his place, shining his flashlight into the corpse's lap.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

The obese man's bloated hands are folded there, bound tightly with rope.

MILLS
He might have tied himself up... to make it look like murder. I saw a guy once, wanted his family to collect life insurance...

Somerset does not listen. He is focused on the corpse, studies the back of the man's head and neck. He runs his pen against the back of the corpse's neck, combing the hair up.

There are small circular and semi-circular BRUISES there.

MILLS
Had a knife in his back. Except, I finally figured out... he put the tip of it between his shoulder blades and grabbed onto the door jam...

SOMERSET
(irritated)
Please be quiet, would you?

Mills looks up at Somerset from below. Somerset remains focused on the bruises.

Mills stands and walks around to the other side of the table. He gets down again.

MILLS
There's something here.

SOMERSET
What?

MILLS
There's a bucket. Under the table.

Somerset crouches, pulls up the cheap tablecloth on his side. A METAL BUCKET sits under the table.

SOMERSET
What is it?

Mills slides under with his flashlight, angling in the confined space to look. He is repulsed and pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2 18

MILLS
It's vomit.

Mills stands and backs away, near the refrigerator, not wanting to be anywhere near that bucket.

MILLS
It's a bucket of vomit.

SOMERSET
Is there any blood in it?

MILLS
I didn't see any, but feel free to look for yourself, okay?

Somerset stands, stares at the obese man. He shakes his head, perplexed. There is a KNOCK at the door. The detectives look to see DOCTOR THOMAS O'NEILL, 52, the medical examiner, in the doorway. O'Neill is looking at the ceiling. He flicks the light switch. No light, so he flicks the switch up and down.

O'NEILL
Wonderful. Very moody.

O'Neill seems a bit gone. He drops his black bag onto the floor beside the corpse. He begins to sort through the bag.

Mills turns to open the refrigerator. It's nearly empty. The trash can beside the refrigerator is filled to the brim with empty food containers. Mills begins to poke around with a pen.

MILLS
(to Somerset)
You think it was poison?

Somerset says nothing.

O'NEILL
You girls have got forensics waiting outside. I don't know if we'll all fit though.

MILLS
There's room. Light's the problem.

Somerset looks at Mills, then at the space limitations.

SOMERSET
Detective Mills, go help the officers question the neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 3 18

Mills looks up, not pleased.

MILLS
I'll stay on this.

Somerset is looking at the corpse.

SOMERSET
Send one of the forensics in on your way out.

Mills does not move. He lifts his flashlight to shine the light on the side of Somerset's face. A moment. Somerset looks at Mills, the light shining directly in Somerset's eyes. A longer moment. Mills switches off the light and leaves.

O'Neill places both hands on the dead man's head and lifts the swollen visage from the spaghetti. The man's neck is HEARD CRACKING and the man's mouth lets out a GURGLING MOAN.

O'NEILL
He's dead.

SOMERSET
Thank you, Doctor.

19 INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY 19

Somerset drives with Mills as the passenger. Heavy traffic. Both stare ahead in silence. Mills is a bundle of nerves.

MILLS
You've seen my files, right? Seen the things I've done?

SOMERSET
No.

MILLS
(looking out window)
I did my time on door-to-doors and walking a beat. I did all that shit for a long time.

SOMERSET
Good.

MILLS
The badge in my pocket says "detective," same as yours.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

SOMERSET
I made a decision. I have to consider the integrity of the scene. I can't worry whether you think you're getting enough time on the playing field.

MILLS
Yeah, well, all I want is...
(pause)
Just, just don't be jerking me off. That's all I ask. Don't jerk me off.

Mills looks at Somerset. Somerset keeps his eyes on the road, but nods slightly. That said, Mills slumps low into his seat.

SOMERSET
We'll be spending every waking hour together till I leave. I'll show you your friends and enemies. I'll help you cut through red tape. Help you "integrate," as the captain puts it. However...
(pause, clears throat)
No matter how you beg or plead... jerking off is something you'll have to do for yourself.

This throws Mills. Somerset has a sense of humor?

SOMERSET
I don't think we should have that sort of relationship. We'd start quarreling over insignificant things.

Mills lets out a laugh, feels a bit of weight off his shoulders. (

MILLS
Whatever you say, Detective. Beautiful.

20 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- DAY 20

The room is large, cold and clean. Stainless steel and white tile. Many pathologists work at slabs. Mills and Somerset are with DOCTOR SANTIAGO, who stands over the dissected obese corpse.

SANTIAGO
He's been dead for a long time, and I can tell you it was not a poison.

Santiago moves to make room for Mills to stand beside him.

Mills moves up a little, but not much, looking on in disgust. Santiago reaches into the man's belly, moving something. There is a squashy sound. We do not see.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

MILLS
Ah, man... how does somebody let himself go like that?

SANTIAGO
It took four orderlies just to put this body on the table.

Somerset leans to peer into jars on a table. Organs and blobs of mush sit in fluid. Somerset leans closer.

In one jar of pulp, two small, BLUE FLECKS float in the preserving fluid. Somerset taps the jar with his finger.

MILLS
How did that fat fuck ever fit out the door of his apartment?

SOMERSET
Please. It's obvious he was a shut-in.

SANTIAGO
Are you looking here? First... see how big this stomach is.

Somerset turns his attention back to the corpse.

SANTIAGO
And, the strange thing... Stretches. And, here... look at the size of the cardiac orifice, because of all the foods.

MILLS
I can see what you're pointing at, but...

SANTIAGO
Lines of distention across the duodenum, and the anterior wall has ripped open.

SOMERSET
This man ate till he burst?

SANTIAGO
Well, he didn't really burst. Not all the way. But, he was bleeding inside himself, and there was a hematoma in the rectus and transverse adominis muscles... across the belly. Very large.

Santiago's pointing this out. Somerset walks around the slab, looking at the obese man's propped up, partially shaved head.

MILLS
He died by eating?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2 20

SANTIAGO
Yes.

SOMERSET
These bruises...

On the victim's head, more round and semi-circular bruises have been revealed, all about the same diameter as a dime.

SANTIAGO
I don't know what they are yet. They...

SOMERSET
The muzzle of a gun... pressed against the back of his head.

Santiago comes to look, nodding.

SANTIAGO
It's possible, if it was pushed against hard enough, sure.

Mills leans close to the bruises, squinting. He points with his pinkie finger, without touching.

MILLS
Christ... marks from the front sight, flush with the muzzle.

Mills stands straight, eyes excited, almost pleased.

MILLS
Ladies and gentlemen... we have a homicide.

Somerset doesn't share his enthusiasm.

21 OMIT 21

22 OMIT 22

23 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING 23

The CAPTAIN, 50, sits at his desk. He's a calm man, but whenever he is not speaking, without fail, he clenches his jaw over and over, causing the muscles in his neck and jaw to pulse. Somerset and Mills are before him. Somerset has his notepad out. (1

SOMERSET
He was given a choice. Eat, or get your brains scattered. He ate his fill, and was forced to continue.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

SOMERSET (cont)
The killer held a bucket under him and kept serving. Took his time. The coroner says this might have gone on for more than twelve hours. The victim's throat was swollen, probably from the effort, and there was definitely a point where he passed out. That's when the killer kicked him, and he burst.

MILLS
Sadistic motherfucker.

SOMERSET
This was premeditated in the extreme. You want someone dead, you drive by and shoot them. You don't risk the time it takes to do this, unless the act itself has meaning.

CAPTAIN
Hold on... somebody had a gripe with a fat boy and decided to torture him...

SOMERSET
We found two receipts for groceries. The killer stopped in the middle of everything and made a second trip to the supermarket.

The captain is disgruntled, clenching his jaw, looks to Mills.

MILLS
It's his stuff, man. I've been out in the cold all day.

SOMERSET
This is beginning.

CAPTAIN
We don't know that. We've got <u>one</u> dead guy. Not three. Not even two.

SOMERSET
No motive.

CAPTAIN
Don't start the big brain cooking on this, alright? We're spread thin as is. I can't afford a task force, eight-hundred lines, and I sure as hell don't need CNN up my ass every time I get out of my car.

Somerset sits.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2 23

SOMERSET
I want to be reassigned.

MILLS
Whoa, whoa... what?

CAPTAIN
What are you talking about?

SOMERSET
This can't be my last duty here. It will go on and on.

CAPTAIN
You're retiring. In six days you're gone.

Somerset shakes his head.

CAPTAIN
You've left unfinished business before.

SOMERSET
Everything else was taken as close to conclusion as humanly possible. Also... if I can speak freely...

CAPTAIN
(frustrated)
We're all friends here.

SOMERSET
If you want my opinion... this shouldn't be his first assignment.

MILLS
(stands, furious)
It's not my first assignment, dickhead. What the hell?

SOMERSET
This is too soon for him.

MILLS
Hey, I'm right here. Say it to my face.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
This is too soon for you.

CAPTAIN
Sit down, Mills.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 3 23

MILLS
(to captain)
Can we talk in private? I told you before, I'm not begging to work with the man.

CAPTAIN
Just, sit.

Mills does. The captain scratches his face, sighs.

CAPTAIN
I don't have anyone else to give this to, Somerset, you know that. You don't get to just swap with someone.

MILLS
Give it to me.

CAPTAIN
How's that?

MILLS
He wants out, "goodbye." Give it to me.

The captain considers this, looks to Somerset. Pause.

CAPTAIN
(to Mills)
I'm putting you on something else. Go down the hall. We'll shuffle papers and find a new partner. Go on.

Mills looks at Somerset, then leaves, closing the door.

CAPTAIN
You're stuck cleaning up the fat man. Stop making it more than it is.

Somerset seems deflated, staring at the floor.

CAPTAIN
That's all, Somerset. You're excused.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

TUESDAY

24 OMIT 24

25 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY 25

A single window faces a billboard. TRAFFIC is HEARD. There are moving boxes on the floor. Somerset is at his desk with paperwork in two sloppy piles. He uses a manual typewriter, filling in a yellow form. He types hunt-and-peck.

At the open door, a PAINTER/WORKMAN using a razor blade and rag to scrape away the writing on the glass of the door: DETECTIVE SOMERSET. The razor sounds like fingernails on a blackboard.

Somerset looks up.

WORKMAN
Sorry.

SOMERSET
(angrily)
Try putting a little elbow grease into it.

Somerset turns back to the typing, hunt-and-peck. He finishes the form and pulls it out. There is a KNOCK at the door. Somerset looks to see the captain in the doorway.

SOMERSET
Come in.

Somerset lines a new form in the typewriter, begins typing. The captain strolls in. Two boxes sit on the floor labeled "DETECTIVE MILLS." He picks up one of the boxes and sets it on top of the other, watching Somerset ignore him.

CAPTAIN
Have you heard?

SOMERSET
No, I haven't heard.

Somerset just keeps typing.

CAPTAIN
Eli Gould was found murdered.

Somerset stops, looks at the captain.

CAPTAIN
Someone broke into his law firm and bled him to death. Wrote the word "greed" on the floor.

SOMERSET
Greed?

CAPTAIN
In blood. Mills is heading the investigation.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Somerset thinks about this, then turns to type. Hunt-and-peck. The captain's jowls clamp. He starts to straighten two piles of forms on Somerset's desk.

CAPTAIN
What are you going to do with yourself out there, Somerset?

SOMERSET
I'll get a job, maybe on a farm. I'll work on the house.

CAPTAIN
Can't you feel it yet? Can't you feel that feeling... ? You're not going to be a cop anymore.

SOMERSET
Yes, that's the whole point.

CAPTAIN
Come on. You're not leaving.

Somerset reclines, facing the captain.

SOMERSET
A man is walking his dog at night. He's attacked. His wallet and his watch are taken, and while he's unconscious, his attacker stabs him in both eyes. That happened, last night, about four blocks from here.

CAPTAIN
I read about it.

SOMERSET
I have no understanding of this place anymore.

CAPTAIN
It's always been like this.

(CONTINUED)

SOMERSET
Really?

Somerset saddles up to the typewriter.

SOMERSET
Maybe you're right.

The captain lays the paperwork down. Both piles are now neat.

CAPTAIN
You do this work. You were made for it, and I don't think you can deny that. I certainly can't believe you're trading it in for a tool belt and a fishing rod.
(pause)
Maybe I'm wrong.

He takes a jar from his pocket. Inside are small pieces of blue plastic, curled slightly, as if they are scrapings.

CAPTAIN
This is for you. The coroner found them in the fat man's stomach, in with the food. Looks like little pieces of plastic.

SOMERSET
Thank you. Put them there.

The captain puts the jar down on the desk, walks to the door.

CAPTAIN
They were fed to him.

The captain leaves. Somerset looks up. He picks up the jar. He looks in at the plastic pieces, shakes it.

25A INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- DAY 25

The door to the apartment where the fat man was found murdered. Somerset uses his switchblade to cut the "crime scene" tape sealing the seam of the door. He enters.

25B INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY 25

The room where the obese corpse was found. Somerset flicks the light switch and gets fluorescent light. The place has been dusted. Somerset takes the jar from his pocket, looking around.

He looks to the ceiling. Walks around the kitchen table. He looks at the floor, then holds up the jar for study. He gets down, holds the jar against the linoleum. Blue.

25B CONTINUED: 25B

Like the plastic scrapings. Same color and texture.

Somerset shakes his head, finding this strange. On his hands and knees, he searches the surface of the floor, examining every nick.

Somerset stops. There are deep scratches here. He fingers the grooves, then takes a piece of the plastic from the jar. He holds the piece to the floor, fiddles... fits it into a scratch.

Somerset stands, looking down. The scratches are in front of the refrigerator, like they were caused by the refrigerator having been pulled away from the wall and pushed back into place.

Somerset grips the refrigerator, pulling it. It isn't easy. He has to shift it a little at a time, rocking it back and forth.

The refrigerator's coming forward. Sweat forms on Somerset's face as he finally pushes from the side of the refrigerator, clearing the way for a view of the wall behind.

Somerset leans to look, numbed by what he sees.

SOMERSET
Oh, Lord...

There is a space on the wall where dust has been wiped away. In that space, the word: **GLUTTONY**. The letters have been smeared on in grease. A hand written NOTE is pinned beside them.

25C INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HOMICIDE BULLPEN -- DAY 25C

A busy, tight room with cubicles along the walls and desks crowded in the center. Somerset reads the note, which is sealed inside an evidence bag.

SOMERSET
"Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to light." It's from Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Somerset looks up. Mills is at one cluttered desk. The captain stands near. The captain shrugs at Somerset.

CAPTAIN
And...

SOMERSET
There are seven deadly sins.

Somerset takes an 8" by 10" from behind the bagged note, holds it up. The photo shows "GLUTTONY" written on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

25C CONTINUED: 25C

SOMERSET
Gluttony...

Somerset steps to Mills' desk (covered in photos from the greed case: law office, bloody floor, naked man) and picks up one of Mills' photos. It shows the word "GREED" written in blood on a carpeted floor. Somerset holds up "GREED" beside "GLUTTONY."

SOMERSET
Greed. Wrath, envy, sloth, pride and lust. Seven.

Somerset puts the two photos and the note on Mills' desk. Mills looks to Somerset, then picks them up and studies them. Somerset heads out. A PHONE RINGS. The captain grabs it.

CAPTAIN
Hold on, Somerset...
(into phone)
I'll get back to you.

The captain hangs up, looks to Somerset in the doorway.

CAPTAIN
Look, Somerset...

SOMERSET
No. He wanted it. I can't have anything to do with this.

The captain stares at Somerset, who waits in the doorway.

MILLS
I'm on it.

The captain looks to Mills, then finally motions for Somerset to go. He does. The door shuts.

26 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT 26

There is a dart board on one wall. THWACK -- Somerset's switchblade hits the board and embeds.

Somerset crosses the nearly empty living room and takes the blade from the dart board. He walks back to stand in front of the only chair in the room. He throws the switchblade.

It embeds in the dart board. Somerset sits.

He picks a book off the floor, holds it in his lap. KIDS can be HEARD CURSING and playing LOUD MUSIC from outside the shuttered window. Somerset stares at the ceiling. He opens the book and looks at the pages... stares at the pages...

He puts the book back down on the floor.

27 EXT. CITY STREET -- LATE NIGHT 27

Somerset gets out of his car. He walks down the sidewalk with a notebook in hand. THUNDER is HEARD. As he walks, he absently (X
JANGLES the CHANGE in one pocket. (X

He walks along the avenue. Cars race by in the street. People walk briskly past. At a public phone, a man shouts curses angrily into the phone, then starts pounding the phone box with the receiver. A fire engine passes in the street, sirens, horn and lights going full blast.

Somerset starts up a flight of massive stone stairs, past several sleeping vagrants. One VAGRANT sits up and looks to Somerset.

VAGRANT
Spare me some change, buddy? I'm trying (X
to get some food. (X

SOMERSET
Sorry. (X

Ahead of Somerset, the library looms, a powerful structure.

28 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- LATE NIGHT 28

Somerset and GEORGE, 62, the night guard, enter the vast, deserted main library. Lamps above give off a warm, pleasant glow over mahogany tables and chairs. To each side of this center area are tall bookshelves. Balconies surround the room, overlooking the center.

Somerset is happy. This is his element, this peaceful, elegant place. George motions to the long, empty tables.

GEORGE
Sit where you'd like.

SOMERSET
Thanks, George.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there, Smilely.

Somerset looks up to the top balcony where TWO OTHER SECURITY GUARDS and one JANITOR look over the banister.

SOMERSET
Evening.

They all say their hellos.

FIRST GUARD
Come on, George. Cards are getting cold.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

GEORGE
(to Somerset)
Duty calls.

George pumps Somerset's hand, then moves to a stairwell leading to the balconies. Somerset walks down the main aisle, looks around at the shelves and shelves of books.

George reaches the top balcony and the others sit at a card table where a poker game is in progress.

Somerset puts his notebook down on one table and switches on a green banker's lamp. THUNDER SOUNDS. Somerset looks up.

Rain is beginning to fall on the windows of the high ceiling.

SOMERSET
(shouts up)
All these books, gentlemen... a world of knowledge at your disposal, and you play poker all night.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George has taken a huge BOOM-BOX from a broom closet.

JANITOR
We got culture.

SECOND GUARD
(dealing cards)
Yeah, we got culture coming out our asses.

They laugh. George sets the boom-box against the railing of the balcony so the speakers face towards Somerset.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset has gone into one bookshelf aisle. Poker table conversation echoes from above. Somerset searches books, reading spines. He finds one book and pulls it, continues searching.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George hits play on the boom-box and turns the volume way up.

GEORGE
How's this for culture?

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset keeps looking for books. From far away come the strains of MOZART MUSIC filling the air. High, drifting music, such as AIR (On the G string.) Somerset stops, listens.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2 28

He closes his eyes and soaks it in.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George sits at the card table, takes out a cigar and lights up. He looks to the ground floor.

GEORGE
Where'd you get to?

Below, Somerset comes out from the aisle.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset looks up at George.

SOMERSET
Thank you.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George nods, picks up the playing cards and shuffles them.

GEORGE
(down to Somerset)
You know, Smilely... you're really going to miss us.

Somerset around, then looks back up at George.

SOMERSET
I just might.

29 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- LATER NIGHT 29

MUSIC CONTINUES, spinning in the air like a slow, cool breeze. Somerset walks, surrounded by books, carrying several. He pulls another off a shelf and adds it to his pile.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George lays down a winning hand. The others toss in their cards in disgust. George laughs, spouting cigar smoke.

Cigar smoke floats up in the air, thinning gracefully.

Above, rain continues dancing on the ceiling windows.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset sits, putting books on the table. He opens his notebook and brings a pen to bear.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

Writes: SEVEN DEADLY SINS

GLUTTONY GREED WRATH LUST PRIDE ENVY SLOTH

Somerset crosses out GLUTTONY and GREED.

He takes a book off the pile and opens it. Turns pages.

His eyes move across the words, reading.

30 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 30

Mill looks tired. He's reading. MUSIC CONTINUES, uninterrupted over this scene. Music so pretty it is almost sad.

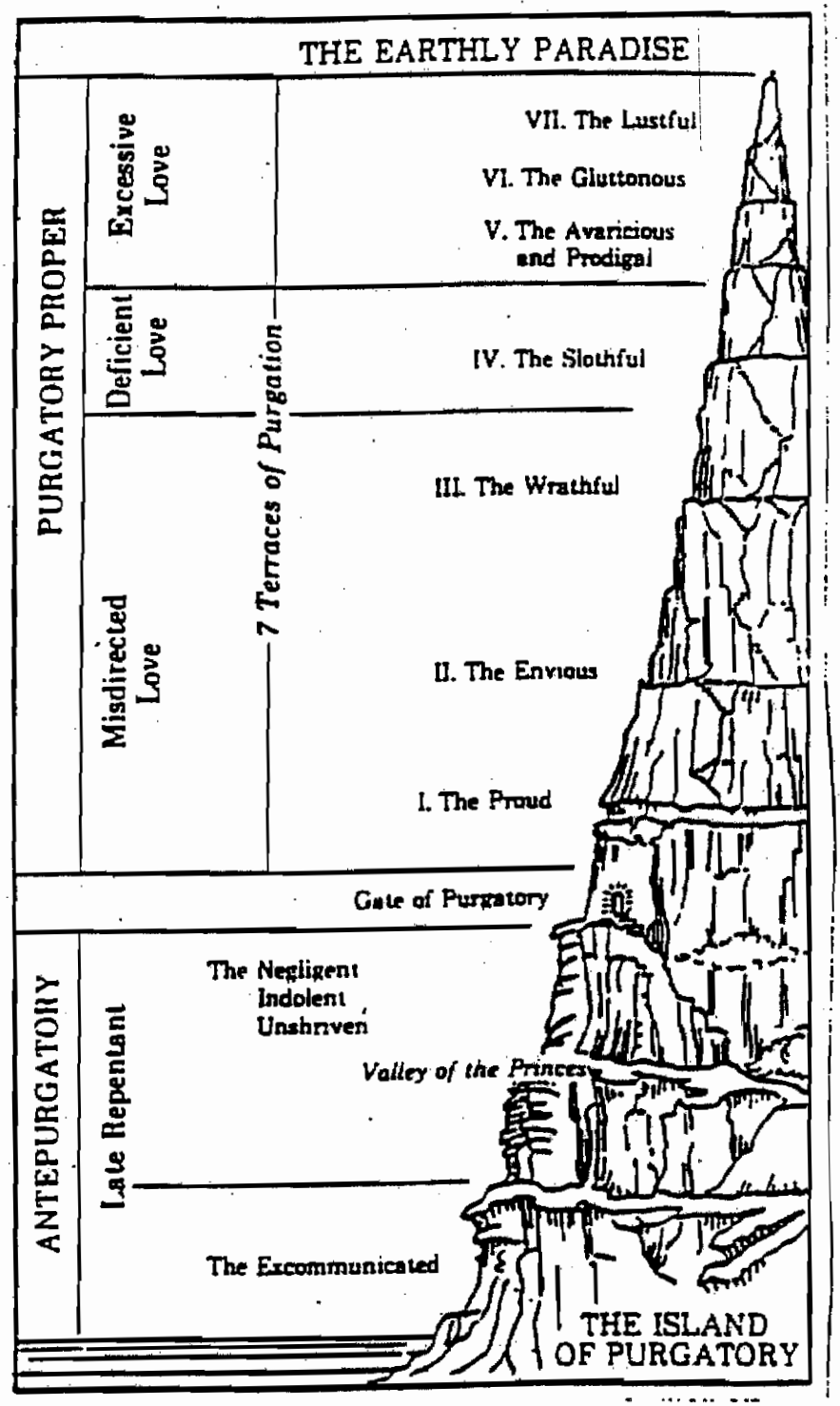
He's seated at a desk, sorting through paperwork and photos. A basketball game is on the television, but he pays it no mind. He sits forward, obviously frustrated, drinks coffee.

He does not know Tracy is there, standing in the bedroom doorway behind him. She's dressed in a nightgown.

Tracy watches her husband, concerned.

31 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- NIGHT 31

MUSIC CONTINUES. A book lies open to this page:


THE EARTHLY PARADISE
PURGATORY PROPER
Excessive Love
Deficient Love
Misdirected Love
7 Terraces of Purgation
VII. The Lustful
VI. The Gluttonous
V. The Avaricious and Prodigal
IV. The Slothful
III. The Wrathful
II. The Envious
I. The Proud
Gate of Purgatory
ANTEPURGATORY
Late Repentant
The Negligent
Indolent
Unshriven
Valley of the Princes
The Excommunicated
THE ISLAND OF PURGATORY

31 CONTINUED: 31

Somerset's hands close the book: DANTE'S PURGATORY. Volume II of the DIVINE COMEDY. Nearby, Somerset writes in his notebook:

YOU MAY WANT TO LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING BOOKS,
RELATING TO 7 DEADLY SINS:

DANTE'S PURGATORY
THE CANTERBURY TALES -- THE PARSON'S TALE
DICTIONARY OF CATHOLICISM

Somerset's hands tear the notebook page out. They fold it and place it in an envelope. Somerset writes on the envelope: MILLS.

32 OMIT 32

33 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 33

Somerset's hands place the "Mills" envelope on a desk top. A light goes out.. The office is dark. Somerset exits.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

WEDNESDAY

34 OMIT 34

35 OMIT 35

36 INT. UPSCALE BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- MORNING 36

The door into an ugly stairwell bangs open and a reporter and cameraman run in, hurrying up the stairs. The cameraman turns on his bright flood light. A COMMOTION ECHOES from above. Mills enters from this same door, in no hurry, looking haggard.

Mills climbs the stairs. Up a few floors.

Ahead of him, there's a crowded, frantic press conference of sorts taking place on a landing. Reporters and camera people jockey for positions around MARTIN TALBOT, 47, a smartly dressed, impressive figure with a gold tooth in the front of his mouth. FLASHBULBS FLASH. Talbot tries to quell overlapping questions.

TALBOT
One at a time, please. One at a time.
(pointing to reporter)
You there.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

Mills has to squeeze through the crush of bodies.

REPORTER
(to Talbot, with glee)
Mister Talbot, can you confirm any of the rumors that Mister Gould was forced to mutilate himself?

TALBOT
I can't address any of the specifics while the investigation is still ongoing. Weren't you listening when I said that before?

Mills gets past, moving on. QUESTIONS are SHOUTED at TALBOT. One NEWSWOMAN with a mini-recorder breaks off from the group to follow Mills.

NEWSWOMAN
Detective... Detective, can I have a moment of your time?

MILLS
No.

Mills keeps going. The woman watches him, looks back to Talbot and decides he's more important, hurrying back down.

FOLLOW Mills. He pushes through another door, into...

37 INT. UPSCALE BUILDING, SERVICE AREA -- MORNING 37

A dark physical plant room. Mills crosses past air-conditioning units, dripping pipes and janitorial lockers. To a door...

38 INT. UPSCALE BUILDING, OFFICE CORRIDOR -- MORNING 38

Mills comes out the service area door into a ritzy hall. The doors along it reek of money. A few rent-a-cops stand near a portion of the hall that's blocked off by police.

Mills passes, nodding to the cops. He heads into another hall, through an open door...

INTO A BOARDROOM. Several forensics sort and label plastic bags of evidence spread across a meeting table. Mills crosses...

Through a KITCHENETTE leading to a small SECRETARIAL OFFICE. Mills moves to a huge mahogany door...

39 INT. LAW OFFICE -- MORNING 39

Mills enters. Windows overlook the wet city. T.V. in a corner shows the news. Two whispering FORENSICS are on the floor with tweezers around the word "GREED" written in the carpet in blood.

FORENSIC ONE
(to other forensic)
... the fuck does he think he is. I swear, the little prick had me here till two in the morning. Fucking kid...

The other forensic clears his throat, getting back to work. Forensic One shuts up. Mills notices this, weary.

MILLS
How's it coming?

FORENSIC ONE
Nothing yet, boss.

Mills watches them a moment, then turns his attention to another part of the office. He walks.

A leather chair sits in an open area. The chair and the carpet under it are covered in lots of brown, dried blood.

There is a trail of dripped blood from the chair to a big desk in front of a large, abstract modern art painting on the wall. On a cleared off section of the desk, a two-armed, counter balance SCALE sits, also blood stained. The desk has been dusted.

Mills stands staring at this. The TELEVISION is HEARD:

ANCHOR (v.o.)
(from television)
... going live downtown, where Defense Attorney Eli Gould was found murdered yesterday. District Attorney Martin Talbot is taking questions from reporters.

ON T.V., Talbot comes on screen. It's from the stairwell.

A REPORTER (v.o.)
(from television)
... your prosecutors have lost more than a few very high profile cases to Mister Gould and his defense team...

TALBOT (v.o.)
(from television)
That's ridiculous to the point of being offensive. There's no conflict whatsoever and any claim that there could be is irresponsible.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Other reporters begin to shout questions, but Talbot's not done.

TALBOT (v.o.)
Now, hold on... I want to address that. I've just come from a meeting with law enforcement officials, and they've assured me they have their best people on this.

Mills turns to looks at Talbot on the screen.

TALBOT (v.o.)
It will be the very definition of swift justice.

Mills walks to turn the t.v. off.

MILLS
(quietly to t.v.)
Shut the fuck up.

He turns and looks to see the forensics looking at him. The forensics look away.

Mills walks away from the t.v., towards a picture frame on the floor. The frame has been placed specifically in the center of the room, facing the main doors.

It is a photo if a falsely pretty, middle-aged woman, smiling and wearing pearls. On the glass of the frame, two circles have been drawn with blood around the woman's eyes.

Mills sits on the floor. He stares at the photo.

40 OMIT 40

41 INT. MILLS' CAR -- MORNING 41

Mills gets in and slams the door. He is alone with the sound of the rain. He wipes water from his face and looks at his tired eyes in the rear view mirror. He leans over to the glove compartment and takes out two newly purchased paperbacks: The Canterbury Tales and Dante's Purgatory.

Mills makes a face and opens Dante's Purgatory to a bookmark. He rests the book on the steering wheel. He reads.

He bites his lip, leaning close to the words.

He's really concentrating, mouths some of it to himself. He finally shakes his head and closes the book, not understanding a word. Pause. He starts pounding the book against the steering wheel with all his might.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

MILLS
Fucking, Dante, goddamn, poetry-writing, faggot motherfucker...

Mills throws the book against the windshield, then puts his head back and closes his eyes, trying to calm. A long moment. Quiet.

BANG, BANG, BANG -- there's a loud BANGING on the window and Mills looks up, startled...

A Tall Cop is at the window in rain gear. Mills rolls it down. Tall Cop hands a wet paper bag through.

MILLS
Good work, Officer. Good work.

Mills rolls the window up, rips the bag open. Inside: Cliff Notes for Dante's Purgatory and for The Canterbury Tales.

MILLS
Thank God.

42 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY 42

It still rains outside. Somerset sits filling out forms by hand. There's a second, smaller desk nearby. Mills enters with a ton of his own paperwork, stopping to notice "DETECTIVE MILLS" painted on the door.

Somerset looks up.

SOMERSET
(gathers his things)
Let me get out of your way.

Mills sets his paperwork on the desk. He is beat. Somerset moves to the smaller, temporary desk. They both sit and settle, organizing, not looking at each other.

Both attend to their work. Here are two men, about five feet apart, each trying not to acknowledge the other's presence. Mills takes his Cliff Notes out, looks to see Somerset is occupied, and hides them in a desk drawer.

Somerset finishes one form, flips it and looks at Mills. Mills sorts through photos from the greed murder. Somerset continues writing. PHONE RINGS. Both men look at it. Phone rings again.

SOMERSET
It's a package deal. You get the phone with the office.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

MILLS
(picks up, into phone)
Mills.
(concerned, lowers voice)
Honey, hi. What's wrong? Is everything okay?
(listens)
Well... I asked you not to call me here. I'm working...
(listens)
What? Why?

Mills is very confused.

MILLS
(into phone)
Why? Okay... okay, hold on.

Mills clear his throat and holds out the phone to Somerset.

MILLS
It's my wife.

SOMERSET
What?

Mills shrugs. Somerset stands, takes the phone.

SOMERSET
(into phone)
Hello?
(listens)
Yes, well... it's nice to speak to you.
(listens)
Well, I appreciate the thought... but...
(listens)
Then, I guess I'd be delighted. Thank you very much. Yes... goodbye.

Somerset hangs up, shakes his head.

MILLS
Well?

SOMERSET
I'm invited to have a late supper at your house. And, I accept.

MILLS
How's that?

SOMERSET
Tonight.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2 42

Mills is lost. Somerset goes to sit back down.

MILLS
I don't even know if I'm having dinner there tonight.

43 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, DINING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- NIGHT 43

Food is cooking on the stove. Tracy is in the living room area carefully setting the table with good silver and china. The door is HEARD OPENING and CLOSING. Mills and Somerset come down a short hall. Mills carries a brand new briefcase.

TRACY
Hello, men. You made it.

MILLS
Hi, honey.

Mills give Tracy a kiss, then presents Somerset.

MILLS
I'd like you to meet Somerset.

SOMERSET
Hello.

Somerset shakes Tracy's hand lightly.

TRACY
Nice to meet you. My husband has told me a lot about you...except your first name.

SOMERSET
Oh... um, William.

TRACY
It's a good name. William, I'd like you to meet David.
(to Mills)
David... William.

Mills smiles and nods this off, heading across the room.

MILLS
Great... I'm, uh, just going to put these things away.

Mills moves to an adjoining room. As soon as he opens the door, his DOGS are BARKING. Mills has to block their escape with his body. He greets them with kissing sounds as he shuts the door.

Somerset stands with his hands folded in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

SOMERSET
It smells good.

TRACY
What? Oh, yes. I mean, thank you.
(motions to table)
Please, sit down.

Somerset takes off his jacket. Tracy goes to check on the food.

TRACY
You can put that over on the couch. You'll have to excuse all the mess. We're still unpacking.

Somerset notices something on Mills' desk. It's a medal, in a small, clear case amongst the papers and pens.

SOMERSET
I hear you two were high school sweethearts.

TRACY
And college, yes. Pretty hokey, huh? I knew on our first date this was the man I was going to marry.

SOMERSET
Really?

TRACY
He was the funniest guy I'd ever met.

SOMERSET
Really?

Somerset has to think about that one for a second. He picks the medal up: a medal for valor from the Police Department.

SOMERSET
Well, it's rare these days... that kind of commitment.

He puts the medal down. Tracy is looking at the gun strapped under Somerset's arm as Somerset starts to unstrap it.

SOMERSET
(about the gun)
Don't worry. I don't wear it at the dinner table.

TRACY
No matter how often I see guns, I still can't get used to them.

(CONTINUED)

Somerset lays the gun with his jacket.

SOMERSET
Same here.

Tracy smiles. Somerset goes to the table and transfers a small notebook from his breast pocket to his pants pocket.

A piece of paper falls to the floor, closer to Tracy.

TRACY
Anyway... what girl wouldn't want the captain of the football team as their lifetime mate? Here... you dropped something...

Tracy picks it up. It is the pale, paper rose. She looks at it as she hands it back to Somerset, who is self-conscious.

TRACY
What is that?

Somerset looks at the rose, then puts it away.

SOMERSET
My future.

Tracy tilts her head, looking at Somerset.

TRACY
You have a strange way about you... I mean interesting. I'm sorry. It's really none of my business. It's just nice, to meet a man who...
(trails off)
If David saw that paper, he'd say you're a fag. That's how he is.

SOMERSET
(smiles)
I guess I won't be showing it to him then.

44 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, DINING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT 4

A record player on a moving box PLAYS QUIET MUSIC. Tracy, Mills and Somerset are eating. Mills has a beeper beside his plate and occasionally fingers it absently.

TRACY
Why aren't you married, William?

MILLS
Tracy... what the hell?

44 CONTINUED: 44

Somerset pokes at his napkin, thinking.

SOMERSET
I was close once. It just didn't happen.

TRACY
It surprises me. It really does.

SOMERSET
Any person who spends a significant amount of time with me finds me... disagreeable. Just ask your husband.

MILLS
Very true.

Mills grins, but he means it.

TRACY
(to Somerset)
How long have you lived here?

SOMERSET
Too long.
(drinks)
How do you like it?

Tracy glances immediately to Mills.

MILLS
It takes time to settle in.

Somerset can see it is a sore subject.

SOMERSET
Well, you get numb pretty quickly. There are certain things to any city...

A LOW RUMBLING is HEARD. Plates on the table begin to clatter.

MILLS
Subway train.

The dishes clatter more. Coffee cups clink against their saucers. Tracy holds her coffee cup to stop it and smiles as Somerset to act like it's nothing, but she is clearly bothered.

TRACY
It'll go away in a minute.

They wait. The rumbling grows louder, knocks something over in the sink. The DOGS are HEARD WHINING and HOWLING from the other room. Somerset continues eating, fiddles with his food. The record player skips, then plays on.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 2 44

The clattering begins to die down. The dogs quiet. Mills seems uncomfortable.

MILLS
This real estate guy... this miserable fuck, he brought us to see this place a few times. And, first I'm thinking he's good, really efficient. But then, I started wondering, why does he keep hurrying us along? Why will he only show us this place for like five minutes at a time?

Mills laughs lamely.

TRACY
We found out the first night.

Somerset tries to stay straight, but he can't help laughing.

SOMERSET
The soothing, relaxing, vibrating home. Sorry...

He laughs harder, covering his mouth. Tracy and Mills laugh.

MILLS
Oh, fuck.

45 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, DINING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT 45

IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, Tracy watches through the door, waiting...

Somerset and Mills are at the kitchen table, drinking beer. They're uncomfortably silent while a record plays quietly.

MILLS
(drains beer, pause)
Thumb recall.

SOMERSET
Pardon me?

MILLS
Recall thumbs, for heinous crimes.

SOMERSET
I see.

MILLS
(sitting forward)
Just take them back. "Sorry sir, that's behavior unbefitting a higher primate. No thumbs for you."

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

SOMERSET
Thumb recall.

MILLS
You won't find anyone "accidentally" selling a gun to someone without thumbs.

SOMERSET
You do have a point.

MILLS
How are they even going to pull the trigger, anyway? And driving's tough. Shit... try holding a phone for any period of time without thumbs.

SOMERSET
I think you're serious.

MILLS
I am.

Somerset laughs. Mills laughs, but, Mills is serious.

46 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, DINING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT 46

The table has been cleared and is covered with various reports and 8" by 10" photographs. Mills and Somerset are both standing. Mills guides Somerset through the photos.

MILLS
Our guy got into the office before the building closed and security tightened. Gould would have been working late.

SOMERSET
I'm certain. He was the biggest defense lawyer around. Infamous, actually.

MILLS
His body was found Tuesday morning, okay? But, get this... the office was closed all day Monday. Which means our killer could've gotten in Friday and laid low till the cleaning crew left. He could've spent all day Saturday with Gould, Sunday and maybe even Monday.

Mills picks up one photo and shows it to Somerset. Long shot: it shows the greed murder scene. Gould sits dead in the leather chair, near the desk where the counter-balance scale sits.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

MILLS
Gould was bound, nude. The killer left one arm free and handed him a butcher's knife. Here's the scale...

Close up: the two-armed scale. In one suspended plate is a one pound weight. In the other is a hunk of flesh.

SOMERSET
A pound of flesh.

Mills digs, comes up with a photocopy of a hand-scrawled note.

SOMERSET
(reading note)
"One pound of flesh, no more no less. No cartilage, no bone, but only flesh. This task done... and he would go free."

Mills takes out one photo showing the note pinned to the wall.

MILLS
The leather chair was soaked through with sweat.

SOMERSET
(nods, grim)
Saturday, Sunday and Monday.
(pause)
The murderer would want Gould to take his time. To have to sit and decide. Where do you make the first cut? There's a gun in your face... what part of your body is expendable?

MILLS
He cut along the side of his stomach. The love handle.

Somerset begins spreading the photos out in front of him.

SOMERSET
Look at these with fresh eyes. Don't let yourself get numb...

As he speaks, Somerset keeps shifting the photos; covering the corpse in one with the edge of another, editing each by overlapping with another.

SOMERSET
Even if the corpse is right there... look through it. Edit out the initial shock.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 2 46

SOMERSET (cont'd)
You always have to find one single thing to focus on. There's always one... may be as small as a speck of dust, but you find it and focus... till it's an exhausted possibility.

In the photos, there's the scale. The note on the wall. Shelves of books. The abstract, modern art painting. GREED in blood.

SOMERSET
He's preaching.

MILLS
Punishing.

SOMERSET
The sins were used in medieval sermons. There were seven cardinal virtues, and seven deadly sins, created as a learning tool, because they distract from true worship.

MILLS
Like in the Parson's Tale, and Dante.

SOMERSET
You read them?

MILLS
Yeah. Parts of them. Remember in Purgatory, Dante and his buddy are climbing that big mountain... seeing all the guys who sinned...

SOMERSET
Seven Terraces of Purgation.

MILLS
Right. There, pride comes first, not gluttony. The sins are in a different order.

SOMERSET
For now, just consider the books as the murderer's inspiration. The sermons are about atonement for sin. And, these murders have been like forced attrition.

MILLS
Forced what?

(CONTINUED)

SOMERSET
Attrition. When you regret your sins, but not because you love God.

MILLS
Like, because someone's holding a gun on you.

Somerset stands, stretching, rolling his neck.

SOMERSET
No fingerprints.

MILLS
Nothing.

SOMERSET
Totally unrelated victims.

Mills nods, drinking from a beer.

SOMERSET
No witnesses of any kind.

MILLS
Which I don't understand. He had to get back out.

SOMERSET
In any major city, minding your own business is a science. The first thing they teach in crime prevention classes is that you should never cry "help." Always scream "fire." People don't answer to "help," but "fire," that's entertainment. They come running.

Somerset sits, turning his attention back to the photos.

SOMERSET
He must have left another puzzle piece.

MILLS
Look, I appreciate being able to talk this out, but, uh...

SOMERSET
This is only to satisfy my curiosity. I'm still leaving end of the week.

Mills is very tired. He rubs his eyes, then walks to take one more photo from his briefcase. It is the photo of the framed picture of the falsely pretty woman with her eyes circled in blood.

46 CONTINUED: 4 46

MILLS
Gould's wife. She was out of town. If this means she saw anything, I don't know what.

SOMERSET
And, if it's a threat?

MILLS
We put her in a safe house.

Somerset nods. The SUBWAY TRAIN is HEARD RUMBLING O.S. The apartment begins to shake again, from the train below. Mills runs his hands across his face, walks to the fridge to get beer.

Somerset stays focused on the photo of the wife. His coffee cup rattles a bit in its saucer and he reaches to steady it without looking. After a moment, the RUMBLING LESSENS.

Somerset runs his fingers over the eyes circled in blood, looking at the wife's photo.

SOMERSET
What if it's not that she's <u>seen</u> something? What if she's supposed to see something, but she just hasn't been given a chance to see it yet?

MILLS
Okay. What?

SOMERSET
I don't know...
(holds picture up)
But, this is the one thing.

46A EXT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT 46A

A grim motel with a broken neon and a promise of "FREE HBO IN EVERY ROOM." Somerset's car pulls up. Mills and Somerset get out, carrying file folders. They move to the entrance.

46B INT. SAFE HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT 46B

A poorly maintained elevator's door opens partially, then freezes up with a squeak. Mills squeezes out, followed by Somerset. They head down the hall, where a POLICEMAN sits in a chair, bouncing a rubber ball off the floor and the wall and catching it.

(CONTINUED)

46B CONTINUED: 46B

The policeman looks up at the detectives, doesn't seem to care who they are. Mills shows his badge.

MILLS
We're here to talk to Mrs. Gould.

The policeman picks up a clipboard and hands it to Mills. Mills signs in. Somerset goes to knock on the room's door.

SOMERSET
(to the door)
Mrs. Gould?

No reply. Somerset knocks a bit louder, opens the door a crack. He enters, clearing his throat.

SOMERSET
Excuse me... Mrs. Gould.

Mills comes to enter with Somerset, shuts the door.

47 INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT 47

Bad room. Plain, with water spotted walls. Mills stands beside the woman from the picture, MRS. GOULD, shows her photos from the murder scene. The photos have been covered in sections to hide Mr. Gould's corpse. Mrs. Gould is crying.

Somerset is on the other side of the room, holding more photos.

MILLS
I'm sorry about this. I really am.

MRS GOULD
I... I don't understand.

Mills helps her flip through the photos. He isn't too keen to put her through this. Every once and a while, you can HEAR the KLUNK, KLUNK of the policeman bouncing his ball in the hall.

MILLS
I need you to look at each one carefully... very carefully. Look for anything that seems strange or out of place. Anything at all.

MRS GOULD
I don't know why... why now?

MILLS
Please, I need you to help me if we're going to get who did this.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

Mrs. Gould sobs quietly, wipes her tears.

MILLS
Anything... anything missing or different.

MRS GOULD
I don't see anything.

MILLS
Are you absolutely certain?

MRS GOULD
I can't do this now... please.

Mills looks to Somerset, looks at the photos Somerset holds.

MILLS
Maybe we better wait.

Somerset looks at the photos in his hand. These show Mr. Gould's corpse in the chair, not covered in any way.

SOMERSET
It should be now. There may be something we're not seeing.

MRS GOULD
Wait. Here...

MILLS
What is it?

Mrs. Gould points at the modern art painting on the wall in one photo. The painting is just splattered paint, abstract.

MRS GOULD
This painting...

MILLS
What?

MRS GOULD
Why is this painting hanging upside-down?

Mills turns to look to Somerset.

48 INT. LAW OFFICE -- NIGHT 4

The greed murder site. Somerset, wearing gloves, reaches to take the modern art painting off the wall. Mills is near, watching.

SOMERSET
You're sure your men didn't move this?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 4

MILLS
Even if they did, those photos were taken before forensics.

Nothing on the wall behind the painting. Blank space.

MILLS
Nothing.

SOMERSET
It's got to be.

Somerset puts the painting down, resting it on its bottom edge. It's backed by a sheet of brown papers stapled into the frame.

Somerset points to where the wire's eye screws used to be screwed into the frame, and to where they have been rescrewed.

SOMERSET
He changed the wire to rehang it.

Somerset takes out his switchblade. Mills is surprised.

MILLS
What the fuck is that?

SOMERSET
A switchblade.

Somerset cuts along the edge of the brown paper to get to the hollow space at the back of the canvas. He cuts out the entire sheet. Mills helps pull it away. Nothing. Empty. Mills looks at both sides of the paper, then tosses it.

MILLS
Nothing. Damn it!

Somerset lays the painting face up on the floor. He pokes his finger on the painted surface. He brings the flat of his blade against it, tries to peel some of the paint.

MILLS
The killer didn't paint the fucking thing. Give it up.

Somerset pushes the painting away, frustrated.

SOMERSET
There must be something.

MILLS
We're screwed. He's fucking with us.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 2 48

Somerset backs away from the wall, staring at the space where the painting hung. There is only a nail. He turns, looking around the office, then crosses.

Mills puts his hands to his temples, furious. He picks up a lamp and throws it to the floor, venting.

MILLS
Motherfucker!

Somerset falls to his knees and pulls open a forensics kit. He takes out a fingerprint brush, examines bristles. Mills sees.

MILLS
What?

SOMERSET
Bear with me.

Somerset goes back to the wall where the painting was. He pulls over a chair, gets on it and starts brushing near the nail.

MILLS
Oh, yeah, sure. You got to be kidding?!

SOMERSET
Just wait!

Somerset brushes with a few wider strokes. He leans close, studies the powder residue. Leans closer still. Pause.

SOMERSET
Call the print lab.

49 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT 49

Tracy is asleep, dressed, with the lights still on. She stirs, then awakens and sits up slowly. She squints from the light, sweaty and uncomfortable. She looks around and listens. All she hears is traffic.

50 EXT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 50

FROM OUTSIDE, looking into the apartment, we see Tracy come in from the bedroom. She sees Mills and Somerset are gone. She comes to open a window, then moves to the kitchen area.

We're still LOOKING IN at her as she starts the dishes in the sink. The RUMBLING of the SUBWAY TRAIN is HEARD. The room begins to rattle, as before. The DOGS are HEARD WHINING.

Tracy looks out into the living room, ill at ease.

51 INT. LAW OFFICE -- NIGHT 51

The male forensic from the gluttony murder scene is here. He has a magnifying glass which he's using to study a very clear fingerprint in black powder on the wall.

MALE FORENSIC
Oh, man...

MILLS (o.s.)
Talk to me.

The male forensic bites his lip, still studying.

Mills and Somerset are watching the forensic who works O.S.

MILLS
(to Somerset)
Honestly... you ever seen anything like this... been involved in anything like this?

SOMERSET
No.

MALE FORENSIC (o.s.)
Well, I can tell you, boys...

The forensic steps down from a stool. Behind him, where the painting once was, are fingerprints, clear and distinct. The prints have been left to form letters which form words: HELP ME.

MALE FORENSIC
... just by looking at the underloop on these, they are <u>not</u> the victim's fingerprints.

52 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, PRINT LAB -- NIGHT 52

Dark. A TECHNICIAN sits before an old computer. The computer's green screen shows enlarged fingerprint patterns being aligned, compared and rejected: whir - click - whir - click - whir - click. Mills and Somerset watch, bathed in a green glow.

MILLS
He just may be nuts enough.

SOMERSET
It doesn't fit. He doesn't want us to help him stop.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

MILLS
Who knows? There's plenty of freaks out there doing dirty deeds they don't want to do. You know... little voices tell them bad things.

Somerset doesn't buy it. The technician adjusts a knob, then turns to the detectives.

TECHNICIAN
I've seen this baby take as long as three days to make a match, so you guys can go cross your fingers somewhere else.

53 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT 53

Somerset and Mills come out from the Print Lab. A janitor is mopping the hall. The computer is HEARD WHIRing AND CLICKing onwards. Somerset sits with a groan on a couch outside the lab door. Mills flops beside him.

SOMERSET
You meant what you said to Mrs. Gould, didn't you? About catching this guy.

MILLS
Yes.

SOMERSET
I wish I still thought like you.

MILLS
You tell me what you think we're doing.

SOMERSET
Picking up the pieces. Taking all the evidence, all the pictures and samples. Writing everything down and noting what time things happened...

MILLS
That's all.

SOMERSET
Putting it in nice neat piles and filing it away, on the slim chance it's ever needed in a courtroom. (X)
(pause)
Collecting diamonds on a desert island and keeping them just in case we ever get rescued. But it's a pretty big ocean out there.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

MILLS
Bullshit.

SOMERSET
Even the most promising clues usually lead only to others. So many corpses roll away... unrevenged.

MILLS
Don't tell me you didn't get that rush tonight... that adrenalin, like we were getting somewhere.

Somerset slumps back, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MILLS
And, don't try to tell me it was because we found something that might play well in a courtroom.

Mills sits back on the couch, closes his eyes and crosses his arms to sleep. Somerset looks at him. Somerset puffs the cigarette. The computer is heard: whir - click - whir - click...

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

THURSDAY

54 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING 54

Mills and Somerset are fast asleep on the couch, leaning against each other. People pass and look at them strangely. A man steps in front of the couch. He reaches with both hands to slap their faces simultaneously. It's the captain leaning over them.

CAPTAIN
Wake up, Glimmer Twins. You have a winner.

55 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAYS -- EARLY MORNING 5!

The captain moves down the hall, passing photocopied mugshots over his shoulder to FIVE hardened POLICE OFFICERS who follow, four men and one woman. The officers check their guns and secure bullet-proof vests with "POLICE" spray painted across them.

CAPTAIN
He goes by the name Victor. His real name is Theodore Allen. Prints were found on scene by homicide.

Somerset and Mills follow behind, drinking coffee, still waking up. The mugshots show a man, VICTOR, 25.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

CAPTAIN
He has long history of serious mental illness. His parents gave him a strict Baptist upbringing, but somewhere along the line...

Two of the cops are talking.

CAPTAIN
You two can shut-up now!

The two cops face front like huge, embarrased school children.

CAPTAIN
Fuckheads, thank you. Now, Victor dabbled in drugs, armed robbery and assault. Spent a couple of months in prison for the attempted rape of a minor, but his lawyer made sure he didn't stay. That lawyer was the recently deceased Eli Gould. The greed murder victim.

This news causes excited chatter amongst the cops.

CAPTAIN
We're finishing this today, ladies and germs. Victor's been out of circulation a while, but there's a residence still in his name. A search warrant's being pushed through the courts as we speak.

A red-headed cop, CALIFORNIA, leads the officers.

CALIFORNIA
Have the housing cops ring the doorbell.

CAPTAIN
Listen, California. The media swarm's going to be there within forty-five minutes. If a shot's fired, they'll be there in ten. So, you make good. Headlines, not obituaries.

Mills looks to Somerset while the captain continues the briefing.

MILLS
Does this do it for you?

SOMERSET
Doesn't seem like our man, does it?

MILLS
You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2 55

SOMERSET
Our killer seems to have more purpose.

MILLS
The fingerprints.

SOMERSET
Yes. They were there... so, it must be.

MILLS
We'll tag along.

Somerset wants no part of that.

SOMERSET
Why?

MILLS
(smiles)
Satisfy our curiosity?

56 INT. MILLS' CAR -- MORNING 56

Mills drives, follows a police van. He seems pumped and ready. Somerset takes two Rolaids off a fresh roll and chews them. He takes out his gun, opens it to check the load.

MILLS
You ever take one?

SOMERSET
Never in my thirty-four years, knock wood. I've only taken my gun out three times with the intention of using it. Never fired it. Not once.
(closes his gun)
You?

MILLS
Never took a bullet. Pulled my gun once. Fired it once.

SOMERSET
Really?

MILLS
Yeah. It was my first one of these. We were a secondary unit. I was pretty shaky going in. I was still a rookie.

Mills takes a corner, tires screeching.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

MILLS
We busted the door looking for this junkie, right? The geek just opened fire. Another cop was hit in the arm. Christ... what was his name? Anyway, he went flying... like in slow motion.
(pause)
I remember riding in the ambulance. His arm was a piece of meat. He bled to death right there.

SOMERSET
(pause)
How did it end?

MILLS
I got him. I got the son-of-a-bitch. I was doing really good till then. Lots of street busts. I've always had this weird luck... things always went my way, but this was wild.
(pause)
I got him with one shot... right between the eyes. Next thing I know, the mayor's pinning a medal on me. Picture in the paper, whole nine yards.

Somerset unrolls the window, feels the air across his face.

SOMERSET
How was it?

MILLS
I expected it to be bad. You know... took a human life. But I slept like a baby. I never gave it a second thought. (X (X (X

SOMERSET
Hemingway wrote somewhere... I can't remember where, but he wrote that in order to live in a place like this, you have to have the ability to kill, and I think he meant you truly must be able to do it, not just faking it, to survive.

MILLS
Sounds like he knew what he was talking about.

56A EXT. SLUM BUILDING -- MORNING 56A

Police cars jump onto the sidewalk, halting near the towering tenement's entrance. The van and Mills' car continue past.

(CONTINUED)

56A CONTINUED: 56A

AROUND THE REAR OF THE TENEMENT

The police van makes a corner, roaring towards a back entrance and screeching to a stop. Mills' car stops behind. Mills and Somerset get out. Cops pour from the van.

57 INT. SLUM BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- MORNING 57

The five cops from the briefing, fully geared up and ready, rifles and handguns out, move quickly up the stairs in single file. Somerset and Mills follow, guns out. Somerset is sweating bullets. Mills is wild eyed, juiced.

Crack viles and hypodermic needles on the stairs crunch under the cops' heavy boots.

58 INT. SLUM HALLWAY -- MORNING 58

The cops enter the dank hall. The move cautiously. A man is lying on the floor, looking up, helpless, with dead eyes.

A door opens and a woman peeks out. The female cop points her gun and the door slams. California, leading the group, steps up to apartment 303. He has a search warrant scotch-taped to the front of his bullet-proof vest.

CALIFORNIA
(to black cop)
This is it. Give it up.

The black cop hoists a heavy battering ram to California. The other cops get on both sides of the door. Somerset and Mills hang back a few feet, watching their backs.

BLACK COP
(points to Mills)
Cops go before Dicks.

Many people are sticking their heads out of doors in the hall.

CALIFORNIA
Police! Open the door!!

California brings the ram forward with a splintering THUD -- once -- twice -- the door flies open. The cops storm in.

59 INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING 59

The apartment is incredibly dusty. The cops charge down the short hall into this room where a bed sits against the far wall. California moves up to the bed. Someone lies under the sheets.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

Three other cops move, all training their weapon on the bed.

CALIFORNIA
Good morning, sweetheart!

A blond cop goes into another room. California moves closer to the bed, gun up.

CALIFORNIA
Get up, now, motherfucker! NOW!

60 INT. SLUM APARTMENT, ADJOINING ROOM -- MORNING 60

The blond cop enters, gun trained, looks around in confusion.

The room's tables, chairs and floor are covered with hundreds of colorful, plastic air fresheners.

61 INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING 61

Mills and Somerset enter. Somerset looks at the cops around the bed, then looks at a nearby wall. His mouth drops in horror. On the wall, written in excrement: SLOTH.

SOMERSET
Jesus...

California kicks the bed, enraged.

CALIFORNIA
I said get up, Sleepyhead!

He pulls the sheets off the bed and reveals the shriveled, sore-covered form of a man who is blindfolded and tied to the bed with a thin wire which has been wrapped time and time again around the mattress and bed frame. Tubes runs out from a stained loincloth around the man's waist and snake under the bed.

CALIFORNIA
Fuck me!

Mills pushes past the other cops.

MILLS
Holy shit.

The cops recoil from the stench. Somerset steps up, putting his gun away.

SOMERSET
Victor?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

BLACK COP
What the hell... ?

CALIFORNIA
(to Somerset)
Check this out, Dick...

California points with his gun to the end of the man's right arm. The hand is gone, severed at the wrist long ago.

MILLS
It is Victor.

SOMERSET
(points to a cop)
Call an ambulance.

The blond cop enters from the other room.

BLOND COP
What the fuck is this?

CALIFORNIA
Somebody call a hearse, more like.

The female cop has gone to one wall where a sheet is pinned up. She pulls the sheet down. Pinned behind the sheet are fifty-two Polaroid pictures; all pictures of Victor tied to the bed, with a date written at the bottom of each picture. It is a visual history of Victor's physical decay.

BLOND COP
What is going on?

Mills sees the female cop looking at the pictures.

MILLS
Hey, California, get your people out.

Somerset takes out rubber gloves and puts them on.

CALIFORNIA
You heard him. Hit the hall, and don't touch anything.

Somerset replaces the sheet over Victor, but not over his head. The cops file out and Mills goes to examine the pictures. California stays by the bed with Somerset.

CALIFORNIA
It looks like he's some kind of friggin' wax sculpture or something.

Somerset places his finger along Victor's throat.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 2 61

MILLS
Somerset, you... you better look here.

Mills looks at the photos in awe. Somerset joins him.

MILLS
All pictures of Victor tied to the bed.
(crouches, points)
The last one is dated three days ago.

Somerset looks at the first photo. In it, Victor is bound and gagged, but he is healthy.

SOMERSET
The first one... it's dated one year ago.
To the day.

Somerset wipes his sweaty face.

California stands by the corpse, behind Somerset and Mills. He lifts the sheet on the bed to look under it.

CALIFORNIA
Mother...

Mills kneels and lifts the sheet which had covered the pictures off the floor. There is an open shoebox underneath.

MILLS
What... ?

On the side of the box: TO THE WORLD, FROM ME.

California leans close to Victor's gaunt, blindfolded face, examining with morbid curiosity.

CALIFORNIA
You got what you deserved, Victor.

Somerset leans down beside Mills. Mills looks through the shoebox. Inside are plastic, zip-lock bags. One contains small clumps of hair. One contains a yellow liquid...

MILLS
(looking at bags)
A urine sample, hair sample... stool sample. Finger nails...
(looks to Somerset)
He's laughing at us.

California is still close to Victor's face, when Victor's lips twist open and Victor lets out a loud, guttural bark.

California jerks back, falling over a chair to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 3 61

Mills and Somerset reel. They see California on the ground, scared out of his mind, pointing.

CALIFORNIA
He's alive!

Somerset and Mills look towards the bed.

Victor's lips move feebly as he lets out a sick, gurgling moan.

CALIFORNIA
He's still alive!!

62 EXT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING -- MORNING 62

A crowd has gathered at the entrance. Mills' car, the police van and two ambulances are parked on the sidewalk.

63 INT. SLUM HALLWAY -- MORNING 63

The cops are in the hall holding neighbors at bay.

64 INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING 64

Three ambulance attendants are at the bed, working on Victor. One attendant uses wire cutters to clip Victor's bonds.

65 INT. SLUM STAIRWELL -- MORNING 65

Mills and Somerset are standing in the middle of one flight of stairs. Both are highly agitated.

SOMERSET
I wouldn't have thought it was possible, but we may have underestimated this guy.

MILLS
I want him bad. I don't just want to catch him anymore. I want to hurt him.

SOMERSET
Listen. He's playing games.

MILLS
No kidding! No fucking kidding!

SOMERSET
We have to divorce ourselves from emotions here. No matter how hard it is, we have to stay focused on the details.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

MILLS
I don't know about you, but I feed off my emotions.

SOMERSET
Are you listening to me?!

Mills is looking at the floor, still burning. Somerset grabs him by the jacket. Mills pushes Somerset's hand off.

MILLS
I hear you.

There is a sudden, brilliant FLASH OF LIGHT and the SOUND of a CAMERA ADVANCING. Mills and Somerset look.

Down the stairs, a REPORTER has his camera up, pointed at them.

REPORTER
What are your names, officers?

He take another picture, flashbulb flashing.

Mills goes down the stairs, grabs the reporter, a balding, almost silly looking man with thick glasses and wrinkled clothing.

MILLS
What the fuck are you doing here?

The reporter squirms, holds up a laminated press pass on a cord around his neck.

REPORTER
I'm U.P.I., officer. I have...

Mills shoves him, and the reporter stumbles a few steps, then falls to the landing below.

MILLS
That doesn't mean anything! This is a closed crime scene!

Somerset comes to pull Mills back. The shaken reporter stands.

REPORTER
You can't do this! You can't...

MILLS
Get the fuck out of here!

The reporter scrambles down the next flight, out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (o.s.)
You'll hear from my lawyer. I've got your picture! I've got pictures of you!

Somerset yanks Mills back harder, till Mills sits on the stairs.

MILLS
How do those cockroaches get here so quick?

SOMERSET
They pay cops for the inside scoop, and they pay well.

MILLS
(calming)
Sorry about that... I just...

SOMERSET
(sarcastic)
Oh, it's alright.

Somerset starts back up the stairs.

SOMERSET
It's always impressive to see a man feeding off his emotions.

66 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY 66

Somerset and Mills are with DOCTOR BEARDSLEY. Victor lies inside an oxygen tent with tubes running into him. The room is dim.

DOCTOR
A year of immobility seems about right, judging by the deterioration of the muscles and the spine. Blood tests show a whole smorgasbord of drugs in his system... even an antibiotic which must have been administered to keep the bed sores from infecting.

Mills looks into the oxygen tent.

MILLS
He hasn't said anything, or tried to express himself in any way?

DOCTOR
Even if his brain were not mush, which it is... he chewed off his own tongue long ago.

Mills winces, moves away from the bed.

66 CONTINUED: 66

SOMERSET
There's no way he'll survive?

DOCTOR
Detective, he'd die right how of shock if you were to shine a flashlight in his eyes.

Silence for a moment, the the doctor lets out a chuckle.

DOCTOR
It's funny to think... he's experienced about as much pain and suffering as anyone I've encountered... give or take... and he still has hell to look forward to.

He chuckles again, engrossed in some information on a clipboard. Mills looks to Somerset.

MILLS
Harsh.

67 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HOMICIDE BULLPEN -- DAY 67

A blackboard. Written in chalk, in large letters:

1 ~~gluttony~~ 5 wrath
2 ~~greed~~ 6 pride
3 ~~sloth~~ 7 lust
4 envy

This case has taken larger quarters. What looks like a classroom with chalkboards on the walls and a podium at front has been converted to office space. Many desks and folding chairs. Only a few occupied. Much info taped up on the walls. Somerset and Mills are at their paperwork covered desks near a window.

SOMERSET
(reading one sheet)
Victor's landlord says an envelope of cash was in the office mailbox each month. He says, quote, "I never heard a single complaint from the tenant in apartment three-o-one, and nobody ever complained about him. He's the best tenant I've ever had."

MILLS
A landlord's dream tenant: a paralyzed man with no tongue.

SOMERSET
Who pays the rent on time.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

Somerset turns to the typewriter, types. Mills fills out a form by hand. He make an error and tries to erase, but the paper rips. He curses, crumples the paper and throws it.

MILLS
I'm sick of sitting around waiting.

SOMERSET
This is the job.

MILLS
There must be something we can follow. I mean... do we have to let this lunatic make all the moves?

SOMERSET
It's dismissive to call him a lunatic. Don't make that mistake.

MILLS
Come on, man. The guy's insane. Right now he's probably dancing around his room in a pair of his mommy's panties, rubbing himself with peanut butter. (X (X (X (X (X (X (X

SOMERSET
No.

MILLS
Sooner or later his luck's going to run out.

SOMERSET
He's not depending on luck. We walked into that apartment exactly one year after he first tied Victor to the bed, to the day. To the day! He wanted us to.

MILLS
We don't know for sure...

SOMERSET
Yes we do.

Somerset picks up the photocopy of the first note.

SOMERSET
This quote... his first words to us. "Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to light... "

MILLS
So what?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 2 67

SOMERSET
He's been right so far, hasn't he? Just, realize... the will it must take, to keep a man bound for a full year. To connect tubes to his genitals. To sever his hand and use it to plant fingerprints. He's methodical, exacting, and worst of all, he's patient.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 3 67

MILLS
Just because the bastard has a library card, it doesn't make him Einstein.

Something clicks for Somerset. He looks away, thinking.

MILLS
What...?

Somerset sits. Ponders, staring off into space.

MILLS
What is it?

Somerset stands back up, takes money out of his pockets.

SOMERSET
How much money do you have?

MILLS
I don't know... fifty.

Somerset picks up the phone and dials, still sifting through his own money. Mills doesn't know what's going on.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
I propose a field trip.

68 OMITTED 68

68A EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE, STAIRWELL -- DAY 68A

Somerset and Mills move down the stairs of the precinct house.

MILLS
Somerset... what the fuck?

SOMERSET
We make a list. At the top, we put Purgatory, Canterbury Tales... anything related to the seven deadly sins. After that, we add books the killer might use as research. Ask yourself: what would he study to do the things he's done? What are his other interests? Jack the Ripper, for example... (X)

MILLS
Where are we going?

SOMERSET
The library.

68B INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY OFFICE -- INSERT PRINTER -- DAY 68B(

A LASER-JET HEAD rapidly prints TITLES and DEWEY DECIMAL #'s for (X
books about murder, homicide, S+M, Christianity, etc. (

Mills is seated, dissatisfied, tapping a pen on his knee. (

The PRINTER STOPS. Somerset comes to tear the PRINT-OUT off. (

69 EXT. PIZZA PARLOR -- DAY 69

A MAN tries to give out paper advertisements. People avoid him.

MAN
Take one, you stupid fucks! Here... take one! It's a fucking coupon! Take it!

70 INT. PIZZA PARLOR -- DAY 70

Mills and Somerset are in a booth, both on the same seat on the same side of the table. Somerset pages through the PRINT-OUT list. Mills watches impatiently, is about to eat pizza.

SOMERSET
They had about fifty health violations during the last inspection.

Mills throws the slice down, looks at his watch.

MILLS
Could you at least sit across from me? I don't want people to think we're dating.

Somerset watches a GREASY MAN, wearing a black suit, enter. The man's hair is slicked back.

SOMERSET
Give me your money.

Mills hands his money to Somerset.

MILLS
I'm handing you this, and for some strange reason, I have the idea I should know what the fuck we're doing.

Somerset folds the money with his own into the print-out, then holds it under the table. Greasy Man comes to sit.

GREASY MAN
Somerset. How are you? I didn't know this was going to be a menage-a-trois.

SOMERSET
It's not a problem.

GREASY MAN
Only for you do I do this. Big risk here... so I figure we'll be even-up. All fair and square.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

Greasy Man has his hands under the table. He gets up to leave with his hand in his pocket. He picks up Mills' slice of pizza.

GREASY MAN
About an hour.

Greasy Man leaves, eating the slice. (X

MILLS
That was money well spent.

SOMERSET
Let's go.

71 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 71 (X

Mills and Somerset sit not far from several barber chairs. (X

SOMERSET
By telling you this, I'm trusting you more than I trust most people.

MILLS
It'd be best if you got to the point. I'm about ready to punch you in the face.

Somerset leans closer to Mills, speaks quietly.

SOMERSET
It's probably nothing, but even if it is, it's no skin off our teeth. The man at the pizza parlor is a friend, in the Bureau. ()

MILLS
Him?

SOMERSET
For a long time, the F.B.I.'s been hooked into the library system, keeping records.

MILLS
What? Assessing fines?

SOMERSET
They monitor reading habits. Not every book, but certain ones are flagged. Books about... let's say, building nuclear weapons, or Mein Kampf. Whoever takes out a flagged book has their library records fed to the F.B.I. from then on.

MILLS
You got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

SOMERSET
Flagged books cover every topic the Bureau deems questionable... communism to violent crime.

MILLS
How is this legal?

SOMERSET
Legal...illegal. These terms don't apply. They can't use the information directly, but it's a useful guide. It might sound silly, but you can't get a library card without i.d. and a current phone bill.

Mills is starting to warm to it.

MILLS
They run our list.

SOMERSET
If you want to know who's been reading Paradise Lost, Purgatory, and say... Helter Skelter, the Bureau's computer will tell you. It might give us a name.

MILLS
Yeah. Some college student who happens to be writing a paper on 20th Century Crime.

SOMERSET
Well... at least we're out of the office. Get a haircut.

MILLS
How do you know all about this?

SOMERSET
I don't. Neither do you.

Somerset looks up. Greasy Man is entering the shop.

72 INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- EARLY EVENING 72

Dusk. The car is parked with Somerset at the wheel and Mills beside. They look through pages of connected computer paper.

MILLS
This is a waste of time.

(CONTINUED)

SOMERSET
We're focusing.

MILLS
I know, I know... focusing on one little thing.

SOMERSET
(reading aloud)
The Divine Comedy. A History of Catholicism. A book called Murderers and Madmen.

He hands the sheets to Mills. Mills looks them over.

MILLS
(reading)
Modern Homicide Investigation. In Cold Blood. Of Human Bondage. Human Bondage?

SOMERSET
It's not what you think it is.

MILLS
(reads)
The Marquis de Sade and Origins of Sadism.

SOMERSET
That is.

MILLS
(reads)
The Writings if Saint Thomas Aqu... Aquin...

SOMERSET
Saint Thomas Aquinas.
(starts the car)
He wrote about the seven deadly sins.

73 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- EARLY EVENING 73

Somerset and Mills walk up the stairs and turn a corner into this long hall, whispering. Somerset looks over the computer sheets. (

MILLS
You're sure you're reading that right? John Doe?

SOMERSET
That's what it says. Jonathan Doe.

73 CONTINUED: 73

MILLS
This is stupid. It'd be just too easy.

SOMERSET
We'll take a look at him. Talk to him.

MILLS
Sure. Uh, excuse me... are you by any chance a serial killer?

They reach a door, apartment 6A. Somerset knocks.

MILLS
What are you going to say?

SOMERSET
You do the talking. Put that silver tongue of yours to work.

MILLS
Who told you about my silver tongue? You been talking to my wife?

Mills knocks on the door, hard.

MILLS
This is really lame.

A CREAK is HEARD O.S. Somerset turns to look towards it...

A male figure, JOHN DOE, is standing at the stairwell, wearing a hat and standing in shadow, looking towards them. Stark still.

Somerset furrows his brow.

The John Doe reaches into his coat, lifts his arm, pointing...

SOMERSET
Mills... !

BLAM -- GUNFIRE SOUNDS, deafening, as a bullet slams into door 6A, just missing Somerset as he and Mills hit the floor.

John Doe fires again...

The bullet blows a huge hole in the wall, throwing plaster. A third bullet follows, just above Mills and Somerset, and John Doe is heard running back down the stairs.

The gunfire's still echoing, ringing, as Mills gets up and unholsters his gun.

MILLS
Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 2 73

Mills scrambles to the stairwell...

IN THE STAIRWELL

Mills bounds down stairs, turns a corner and leaps down another flight. He halts on the landing, listening. John Doe can be HEARD still RUNNING, below.

IN THE HALL ABOVE

Somerset rolls and takes out his gun. He stands, dazed.

MILLS (o.s.)
(from in stairwell)
What kind of gun was it?

IN THE STAIRWELL

Somerset comes into the stairwell.

MILLS (o.s.)
(from below)
Damn it, Somerset... what kind of gun?!
How many bullets?

BELOW, IN THE STAIRWELL

Mills hurries down more stairs.

SOMERSET (o.s.)
(from above)
I don't know. Might've been a revolver.

Voices echo. Mills loses his footing, falls...

Mills hits the next landing hard, dropping his gun.

MILLS
Fuck!

Mills gets back up and picks up his gun and keeps going.

ABOVE IN THE STAIRWELL

Somerset runs down the stairs, breathing hard.

MILLS (o.s.)
(from below)
What's he look like?

SOMERSET
Brown hat. Tan raincoat... like a... like a trench coat.

(CONTINUED)

BELOW IN THE STAIRWELL

Mills stops, gun ready, moves to peer over the railing, down into the space at the stairwell's center...

John Doe is below, in shadow, aiming his gun straight up...

Mills jerks back as SHOT is FIRED from below and the bullet is heard WHIZZING...

ABOVE

The railing near Somerset splinters into a million pieces, sends Somerset ducking for cover.

ANOTHER BLAST from below -- the bullet is HEARD RICOCHETING above.

BELOW

Mills is crouched, waiting as the gunshot echoes.

MILLS
(to himself)
Five... that's five...

He leaps up and continues down the stairs.

73A INT. TENEMENT BUILDING, LOWER HALLWAY -- EARLY EVENING 73A

Mills comes down stairs and into a hallway, falling to one knee, sliding and pointing his gun one direction -- empty hallway.

He wheels the other direction, gun hand shaking, catches a GLIMPSE of John Doe just as he disappears around a corner far down the hall. Mills gets up, looking back to the number 4 by the stairs as he books, shouting back towards the stairwell...

MILLS
Fourth floor! Fourth floor!

Mills sprints. FOLLOW him, tearing ass...

AROUND THE CORNER

Mills makes the turn, full speed ahead, bringing his gun up...

Far ahead, John Doe's running...

Mills takes aim...

73A CONTINUED: 73A

Ahead, between John Doe and Mills, a tenant in t-shirt and underwear comes out an apartment, looking towards John Doe, blocking the line of fire...

MILLS
Get down! Move... !

The tenant turns to Mills, confused. Mills pushes past...

Ahead, John Doe makes an abrupt halt. A woman tenant is looking out her door and John Doe grabs her and throws her into the hall. She falls as John Doe shoves his way into her apartment.

BACK AT THE STAIRWELL

Somerset comes down the stairs, tired. He runs.

AROUND THE CORNER, IN THE OTHER HALLWAY SECTION

Mills reaches the apartment Doe entered, bursting in...

74 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- EARLY EVENING 74

Mills enters, gun up. It's a railroad apartment, with all the rooms adjoining in a row. At the far end of the apartment, John Doe can be seen moving out one room's window onto a fire escape just as that room's door is swinging shut.

Mills charges through the apartment, full on...

He bashes through the closed door...

75 EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING, FIRE ESCAPE -- EARLY EVENING 75

Mills leans out the window over an alleyway. BLAM -- GUNSHOT. The window above Mills' shatters and Mills pulls back.

IN THE APARTMENT

Mills stays down for a brief second.

MILLS
(to himself)
Six! That's six...

He moves back to the window, just as BLAM, BLAM, BLAM -- three more bullets rattle the window and window frame. Mills recoils.

MILLS
Seven, eight, nine... Fuck!

OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

Mills leans back out, slowly, searching, gun up.

Below, John Doe runs and rounds a corner, gone.

Mills scrambles out onto the fire escape, running a few steps and then vaulting the rail... crashes down on the roof of a car parked below. The windshield cracks.

Mills jumps off and continues the pursuit...

76 EXT. CITY STREET -- EARLY EVENING 76

Mills rounds the alleyway corner into people packed streets.

Several people are running, heading several different directions.

Mills comes to a halt, his focus confused, searching desperately. Others run upon seeing his gun. Woman scream and grab up their children. Mills can't see far down the sidewalk because of all the people. He moves forward...

He jumps atop a fire hydrant, gripping a street sign for balance, trying to see further down the street.

MILLS' P.O.V. -- There he is! John Doe can be seen, far off, moving across the street, through traffic, to the opposite sidewalk.

ON THE STREET, Mills runs, into traffic, avoiding cars, down the center line. Angry drivers scream at him.

Ahead, John Doe glances back, ducking into an alley.

Mills gets to the other sidewalk, yelling for people to get out of the way...

77 EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY -- EARLY EVENING 77

Mills comes to this tight alleyway. It's dark, with a long, tall, vertical sliver of street light far ahead. Mills runs...

Charging hard onwards...

A two-by-four swings out from a hidden nook along the side of the alleyway -- slamming Mills in the face with a THWACK!!

Mills' gun hits the alley wall and clatters into a puddle.

Mills hits the dirt, on his back, nose broken and split, face bloodied. He cries out, rolling to his side, clutching his face.

(CONTINUED)

The two-by-four is dropped. John Doe's feet cross a short distance. Doe's hand reaches to pick up Mills' gun. (We never see John Doe's face.)

Mills still lies on his side, stunned, spitting blood and cursing, when he feels the barrel of his gun against the side of his face. Mills freezes.

John Doe moves the gun slowly across Mills' face, till the barrel reaches Mills' mouth. The barrel is inserted between his lips.

The gun's hammer is pulled back.

Mills quakes, tries to open his eyes, but he's blinded by the blood from his broken nose. For an instant, there is a sudden, BRIGHT FLASH of LIGHT.

After a long moment, the gun withdrawals. From O.S., the bullets fall out of Mills gun onto his chest.

The gun drops. John Doe runs to the sliver of light. He's gone.

Mills lies for a long moment, gasping. At the alley's entrance, Somerset appears.

SOMERSET
Mills...

Mills rolls, shaken, feeling to pick up his bullets and trying to rub the blood from his eyes with his sleeve. Somerset arrives.

SOMERSET
Are you alright?

MILLS
I'm fine.

SOMERSET
What happened?

Mills gets up, collects his gun and pockets it, then walks past Somerset, heading back.

SOMERSET
Mills... ?

Mills starts running. Somerset runs to follow.

78 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- EVENING 78

Mills moves from the stairwell, driven, his nose still bleeding, heading for apartment 6A. Somerset takes Mills arm, but Mills pulls away and keeps going.

78 CONTINUED: 78

SOMERSET
Wait... just wait.

MILLS
It was him.

SOMERSET
You can't go in.

Somerset grabs Mills again and Mills shoves him off.

MILLS
The hell I can't! We get in there and we can stop him.

SOMERSET
We need a warrant.

MILLS
We have probable cause now.

Somerset grabs Mills and shoves him against the wall.

SOMERSET
Think about it...

MILLS
What the fuck is wrong with you? Get off me. Get off!

SOMERSET
Think about how we got here!

Somerset holds the crumpled computer paper in Mills' face.

SOMERSET
We can't tell anyone about this. We can't tell them about the Bureau, so we have no reason for being here.

Mills stops struggling, breathing hard, seething, trembling.

MILLS
By the time we clear a warrant someone else is going to be dead.

SOMERSET
Think it through. If we leave a hole like this, we'll never prosecute. He'll walk.
(pause)
We have to come up with some excuse for knocking on <u>this</u> door.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 2 78

MILLS
Okay... okay... get off.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 2 78

Somerset releases Mills. Mills looks around the hall, then goes right to door 6A and KICKS IT IN -- the door jam splinters and the door swings open to darkness before swinging back, half-shut.

SOMERSET
You stupid son of a...

MILLS
No point in arguing anymore...

Mills strides down the short end of the hall, towards a window.

MILLS
(pointing back)
Unless you can fix that.

Mills stops, looking out the window. It overlooks a weedy, overgrown courtyard where a THIN VAGRANT lies asleep on the concrete. Mills turns, looking back to Somerset.

MILLS
How much money do we have left?

79 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 79

On a stairwell landing, the thin vagrant from the courtyard talks to a uniformed POLICEMAN who writes, taking the statement.

THIN VAGRANT
So, I... I noticed this guy going out... going out a lot when those murders were happening. So... so I...

The vagrant's clinging to the rail, drunk and out of it. Mills is down further on the stairs, high strung, chomping at the bit.

MILLS
So, you called Detective Somerset, right?

THIN VAGRANT
Yeah, I... I called the detective. Because, because this guy seemed... creepy. And... and...

MILLS
(urging him on)
And...

THIN VAGRANT
And, one of the murders was over there... over... nearby here. I called the cops...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

The vagrant wipes drool from his lips. Mills comes to grip him so he doesn't fall, searching the policemen's face for suspicion.

MILLS
I told you the rest. You got it?

POLICEMAN
(still writing)
Yeah, whatever.

MILLS
Have him sign it.

The policeman holds the clipboard and pen out. Mills takes the pen and guides the vagrant's hand, almost signing it for him.

MILLS
Great. Is that it?

The policeman nods. Mills takes a wad of cash and shoves it in the vagrant's pocket, leading the vagrant away downstairs.

MILLS
Get something to eat.

Mills rushes back up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

80 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT 80

Mills pushes door 6A open, putting on rubber gloves. He steps in with Somerset behind. Somerset turns back to the policeman.

SOMERSET
(to policeman)
Wait outside.

Somerset closes the door most of the way. Mills hits a switch on the wall and a lamp illuminates a desk.

The desk is in the center of the room, facing them. The room is bizarre. All the walls are painted black. All the large, curtainless windows are painted over.

Somerset puts on his gloves. Mills walks to the desk.

The desktop is rather tidy. Mills opens the middle desk drawer. It's empty except for The Holy Bible.

Somerset moves along shelves of books, looking at the spines. Lots of thick, oversized art volumes. A HISTORY OF THEOLOGY. HANDBOOK OF FIREARMS. HISTORY OF THE WORLD. SUMMA THEOLOGICA. UNITED STATES CRIMINAL LAW REVIEW.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

At the desk, Mills opens another drawer. It's filled with at least forty empty aspirin bottles. He opens the next drawer and finds a rosary and several boxes of bullets.

Somerset comes to look at John Doe's "bed." No mattress. It's only a metal frame and springs with a worn sheet across it. The sheet is sweat stained and dotted by stains of rust.

Somerset walks around the bed to a narrow table against the wall. The table contains a strange tableau, like a mini stage, hand-made of cardboard and pasted Communion wafers. A human hand immersed in a jar of liquid is the centerpiece.

SOMERSET
(quiet, to himself)
Victor.

Above this, there's a clutter of pinned up articles, pictures and pencil drawings, all tight together and overlapping.

Mills picks up a small piece of paper from a letter holder. It's a pink receipt from WILD BILL'S LEATHER SHOP. Written: "CUSTOM JOB. $502.64. PAID IN FULL." Mills puts the receipt down.

Somerset walks to a black door. Opens it.

81 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT 81

Somerset enters. A ceiling light is on. Bare bulb. There are bookshelves filled with notebooks. Thousands of notebooks.

82 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT 82

Mills moves from the desk to a hall. He tries a light switch, but it does nothing. He walks...

It's dark. A rather long hall. The only light is a red glow seeping from under the bottom of the closed door ahead.

83 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT 83

Somerset takes one notebook down. It is a thick composition book with an unlabeled cover.

Inside, the pages are filled with small handwritten sentences, thumb-nail sketches and blurry, glued in photographs; small photos, seemingly cut from contact sheets. The sketches, pictures and writings take up every single inch.

84 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, HALL -- NIGHT 84

Mills reaches the door at the end of the hall. He turns the knob and pushes the door open. He's bathed in red light.

85 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT 85

Mills enters. He looks around, slowly. Stunned.

86 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT 86

Somerset takes down another notebook and flips through the pages. Same as the first; filled to the brim with words and sketches.

Somerset crosses to another shelf and pulls another notebook. Same deal. Somerset looks around.

SOMERSET
Jesus.

MILLS (o.s.)
Somerset...

Somerset looks towards the door.

MILLS (o.s.)
Somerset, come here!

87 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, HALL/BATHROOM -- NIGHT 87

Somerset comes down the hall.

MILLS (o.s.)
We had him, damn it.

Somerset reaches the bathroom where Mills stands looking up at the wall. The room has been converted into a dark room lit by red bulbs, with strips of film hanging from the ceiling.

SOMERSET
What are you talking about?

MILLS
We had him.

There are hundreds of prints on the walls and hanging from drying wires. Somerset looks around, trying to understand...

Pictures of John Doe's victims, alive and dead (and a poor quality PHOTO of a BLONDE GIRL). Grotesque photos of the victims' pleading faces and dead bodies. Close shots of eyes, fingers and mouths. Mills sits on the closed toilet, throwing something into the nearby sink and resting his head in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

MILLS
The pass was a fake.

In the sink -- it's a laminated press pass on a neck cord.

On the walls, more pictures: of the crime scenes, but from the outside looking in. Long shots. Police cars. Ambulances. Uniformed officers putting up police barrier ribbons outside buildings. The coroner's wagon.

Somerset stares at them, taking them in, realizing...

MILLS
We had him and we let him go.

In the backgrounds of the pictures: Somerset and Mills. In another: Mills crossing the street. In another: Somerset and Mills getting out of Somerset's car.

One photo, close shot, shows Mills and Somerset on the stairwell of the building where Victor's body was found. It is the picture taken by the balding, almost silly looking reporter.

88 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT 88

A male forensic uses tongs to remove Victor's hand from the jar of liquid. He places the hand in a clear plastic evidence bag.

The forensic walks away with the hand, past a FEMALE SKETCH ARTIST who puts the finishing touches on an accurate drawing of the balding, almost silly looking reporter who wears thick glasses, now known as John Doe.

SKETCH ARTIST
You're sure this is him?

Mills stands over the artist. Two deputy detectives, SARA and BILLY, work along with two other forensics searching, photographing and dusting.

MILLS
Just put it in circulation.

SKETCH ARTIST
You got it. Tomorrow morning, this city's good citizens will be on the lookout for Elmer Fudd. (X)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

SARA
(coming to Mills)
We don't have much to go on. No paystubs, no appointment or address books or calenders.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 2 88

SARA (cont'd)
So far, the receipt's the best we've got.

Sara holds the "Wild Bill" RECEIPT up in a PLASTIC BAG. Mills takes it.

MILLS
Keep looking.

SARA
Let me show you something. You'll like this.

Sara leads Mills to Doe's "bed." Sara kneels, pointing out a large CIGAR BOX on the floor, taking out a pen.

SARA
It was under the bed.

Sara uses the pen to flip open the box: it's filled with CASH. Stacks of dirty HUNDREDS.

SARA
If this was his only source of funds...

MILLS
He's hurting for cash. Fucking A. Let's hope so.

SARA
There's one more thing, and you're probably not going to believe it...

MILLS
What?

SARA
It's just... we haven't found any fingerprints yet. Not a single one.

MILLS
You know, you're right. I don't believe you. Keep looking.

Mills walks away.

89 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT 89

Somerset and three uniformed officers are looking through the notebooks on the shelves. Somerset squints at the notebook in his hand, shaking his head as he reads. Mills enters. Somerset looks up and closes the notebook.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

SOMERSET
We could use some more men here.

MILLS
I'm trying, alright? Just tell me what we've got.

Somerset pauses briefly at Mills' abruptness.

SOMERSET
Well, there must be at least two thousand notebooks in this room, and near as I can tell, each notebook contains two hundred and fifty pages.

MILLS
Does he write about these murders?

SOMERSET
(opens notebook, reads)
"What sick, ridiculous, puppets we are, and what a gross, little stage we dance on. What fun we have, dancing and fucking, not a care in the world. Not knowing that we are nothing. We are not what was intended."

Somerset turns a few pages.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 2 89

SOMERSET
(reads)
"On the subway today, a man came to me to start a conversation. He made small talk, this lonely man, talking about the weather and other things. I tried to be pleasant and accommodating, but my head began to hurt from his banality. I almost didn't notice it had happened, but I suddenly threw up all over him. He was not pleased, and I couldn't help laughing."

Somerset closes the notebook.

SOMERSET
No dates, placed on the shelves in no discernible order. It's just his mind poured out on paper. If we had fifty men reading these on twenty-four hour shifts, it would still take two months.

MILLS
(pause, grim)
Looking around... I'm thinking this is his life's work.

A PHONE is HEARD RINGING in another room. Mills looks.

90 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT 90

Everyone's looking around, and at each other, trying to find the source of the RINGING. Mills and Somerset enter, baffled. Mills looks to Sara. She shrugs and shakes her head. Everyone searches. PHONE RINGS. Mills gets on his hands and knees.

MILLS
Here...

Mills crawls under John Doe's "bed." He comes back out with a rotary phone. He takes a micro-cassette recorder, turns it on and makes sure it's running, then answers the phone with the recorder to the earpiece.

MILLS
(into phone)
Hello.

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(from phone)
I admire you. I don't know how you found me, but imagine my surprise. I respect you law enforcement agents more every day.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

MILLS
(into phone)
Okay, John, let's...

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(from phone)
No, no! You listen. I'll be readjusting my schedule, in light of today's little setback. I just had to call and express my admiration. Sorry I had to hurt one of you, but I didn't have a choice. You will accept my apology, won't you?

Mills says nothing, containing his anger.

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
I feel like saying more... but I don't want to ruin the surprise.

John Doe hangs up. Mills puts down the phone.

91 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- LATER NIGHT 91

Mills and Somerset stand looking up at the many surrounding photos of horror and misery.

MILLS
You were right.

Somerset looks to Mills.

MILLS
He's preaching.

SOMERSET
(nods)
These murders are his sermon to all of us. To all us sinners.

The pictures mostly show victims we've already seen. (X)

MILLS (X)
(pointing to photos) (X)
Lookit. Which of these things is not like (X)
the other? This I recognize, and him and (X)
him... (X)

Mills shifts one photo to get a better look at the picture of (X
the BLONDE GIRL, a grainy photo taken at night on a street. (X

MILLS (X)
Who's the blonde? (X)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

SOMERSET
(into phone)
I don't understand.

TRACY (v.o.)
(from phone)
I feel stupid, but you're the only person I know here. There's no one else...

SOMERSET
(into phone)
I just...

TRACY (v.o.)
(from phone)
Can't you get away, for a little while?

SOMERSET
I don't know, with this case.

TRACY (v.o.)
If you can, please call me. Please. I have to go now... goodnight.

Tracy hangs up. Somerset looks at the phone, wondering.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

FRIDAY

93 INT. COFFEE CAFE -- MORNING 93

Somerset sits in the window booth with Tracy. The cafe is noisy. Tracy stares into her coffee while she stirs it.

TRACY
I mean, you know this city. You've been here for so long.

SOMERSET
It's a hard place.

TRACY
I don't sleep very well.

Somerset tries to be understanding, but glances at his watch.

SOMERSET
I feel strange being here with you... without David knowing.

TRACY
I'm sorry, I only...

Two young punks step up to the window outside and look in at Tracy. One flicks his tongue rapidly. Tracy looks away. Somerset takes out his badge and holds it against the window. One punk gives the finger and the other spits on the window. They leave, laughing. Tracy tries to smile.

TRACY
Perfect example.

SOMERSET
You have to put blinders on sometimes. Most times.

TRACY
I don't know why I asked you to come.

SOMERSET
Talk to him about it. He'll understand if you tell him how you feel.

TRACY
I can't be a burden, especially now. I know I'll get used to things. I guess I wanted to know what someone who's lived here thinks. Upstate, it was a completely different environment.
(pause)
I don't know if David told you, but I teach fifth grade, or did.

SOMERSET
He mentioned it.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

Tracy seems very upset, near tears.

TRACY
I've been going to some of the schools, looking for work, but the conditions here are... horrible.

SOMERSET
You should look into private schools.

TRACY
I don't know...

Tracy looks up, wipes at her eyes.

SOMERSET
What's really bothering you?

Tracy bites her lip.

TRACY
David and I are... going to have a baby.

Somerset sits back, the expression of soothing concern on his face disappearing.

SOMERSET
Oh, Tracy... I have to tell you, I'm not the one to talk to about this.

TRACY
I hate this city.

Somerset sighs. He takes out a cigarette, but thinks better of it and puts it back. He looks out the window.

SOMERSET
If you're thinking...
(pause)
I had a relationship once, very much like a marriage. And, she was going to have our child. This is a long time ago. We had decided we were going to make the choice together... whether to keep the baby.

Tracy looks at Somerset.

SOMERSET
Well, I got up one morning and went to work... just like any other day, except it was the first since hearing about the baby. And, I...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 2 93

SOMERSET (cont'd)
I felt this fear for the first time ever, and I thought, how can I raise a child surrounded by all this? How can a child grow up here?
(pause)
I told her I didn't want to have it, and over the next few weeks, I convinced her it was wrong. I wore her down, slowly...

TRACY
I want to have children.

SOMERSET
I can tell you now, I know... I'm positive I made the right decision. I'm positive. But, there's never a day that passes that I don't wish I had decided differently.

Somerset reaches and takes Tracy's hand.

SOMERSET
If you... don't keep the baby, if that's what you decide, then, never tell him you were pregnant. I mean that. Never.
(pause)
Your relationship will whither and die.

Tracy nods, tears welling up again. Somerset smiles a bit.

SOMERSET
But, if you do decide to have the baby, then, at that very moment, when you're absolutely sure, tell David. Tell him at that exact second, and then spoil that kid every chance you get.

There are tears in Somerset's eyes.

SOMERSET
That's all the advice I can give you, Tracy. I don't even know you.

He smiles again, wipes his own tears.

TRACY
William...

Somerset's beeper begins BEEPING. He takes it out and stands, wanting to leave. Tracy gets up and kisses him on the cheek.

TRACY
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 3 93

Somerset starts to back away.

TRACY
Keep in touch after you're gone, William. Please.

Somerset nods, raises a hand to say goodbye as he leaves.

94 INT. WILD BILL'S LEATHER SHOP -- DAY 94

Mills and Somerset are on one side of the counter and WILD BILL is on the other. Wild Bill is shirtless and covered in tattoos. He has a thick scar running down the center of his forehead and down his cheek. Leather belts, whips and jackets hang on the walls and from the ceiling.

WILD BILL
Yeah, he picked it up last night.

Wild Bill holds the pink receipt from John Doe's apartment.

MILLS
This was definitely him?

Mills points to the rendering of John Doe he holds.

WILD BILL
Yeah, John Doe. Easy name to remember.

SOMERSET
What was this job you did for him?

WILD BILL
I got a picture of it here. It's a real pretty piece...

Wild Bills pulls a box from behind the counter, digs in it.

WILD BILL
I figured he must be one of those performance artists. That's what I figured. Like one of those guys who pisses in a cup on stage and drinks it. Performance art.

Wild Bill hands a Polaroid to Mills. We do not see it yet.

MILLS
Oh... give me a break.

WILD BILL
I think I undercharged him.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

SOMERSET
(looks at photo)
You built this for him? You built this?

WILD BILL
I've built weirder shit than that. So what?

A POLICE CAR races past outside, siren on and lights spinning. A BEEPER is HEARD BEEPING. Somerset pulls the beeper from his pocket and reads the its message window.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
They found the blonde.

Somerset moves to exit with Mills following.

WILD BILL
Hey, my picture... !

Wild Bill watches them go, scratches his thick scar.

WILD BILL
Fucking pigs.

95 EXT. THE HOT HOUSE MASSAGE PARLOR -- DAY 95

It's a madhouse outside The Hot House, a bright red storefront bordered on both sides by porno theater after porno theater. A crowd is gathered around a police action in progress.

Cops have formed a barrier, holding back the crowd and creating an aisle from the entrance of The Hot House to the back of a jail-van. Cops and detectives are escorting various men, women and transvestites into the large vehicle. The crowd, consisting of the dregs of society, is shouting. Some people are spitting and throwing trash at the cops.

96 INT. THE HOT HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA -- DAY 96

TWO COPS are in front of a glass and steel cage. Inside the cage is a fat, BALD MAN with a wall of sex toys behind him.

BALD MAN
Just wait! Just wait!

One cop pounds his nightstick against the glass.

COP
Get out of the fucking booth!

BALD MAN
Just wait! I'll come out, just wait!

97 INT. THE HOT HOUSE, CORRIDORS -- DAY 97

All the lights are red and the walls are painted red. Mills and Somerset follow a THIRD COP through the twisting corridors. POLICEMEN can be HEARD SHOUTING and MAKING ARRESTS. ROCK MUSIC THROBS. They come to a door where a SWEATING COP waits.

THIRD COP
I don't want to go in there again.

SWEATING COP
(To Mills and Somerset)
You're the detectives, right? Right? You better see this...

98 INT. RED ROOM -- DAY 98

Sweating Cop leads Mills and Somerset in. ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES, LOUD. A strobe light flashes from the ceiling. TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS are in the room. The first attendant is placing a sheet over a bed, hiding the corpse of a blonde woman. The second attendant tries to examine the pupils of a CRAZED MAN, 55, who is naked and wrapped in a sheet.

CRAZED MAN
He... he... he made me do it!

SECOND ATTENDANT
I have to look at you. I have to look!

LUST is scratched into the red paint on the wall in big letters.

Mills and Somerset move towards the covered body.

FIRST ATTENDANT
You're not going to want to see this more than once.

CRAZED MAN
He had a gun! He made me do it!

The sheet is lifted for the detectives. They grimace at what they see. We do not see. Somerset closes his eyes and turns away. The first attendant replaces the sheet.

SWEATING COP
(to Mills, of crazed man)
You detectives better take a look here!

Mills steps back, takes out his handkerchief and sucks on it. He looks at the crazed man. The crazed man jerks and struggles while the second attendant preps a needle.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

SECOND ATTENDANT
He's in shock, man. He's gone.
(to sweating cop)
Help me out with him...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 2 98

CRAZED MAN
Take this thing off me... take it off! Please, take this thing off me!

The sweating cop comes to help hold down the crazed man.

CRAZED MAN
Get it off... oh, God! (X

Somerset's facing the wall. Crazed man's still yelling.

SWEATING COP
(to Mills and Somerset)
Hey... you better see what's strapped onto this guy!

Mills turns to the cop.

MILLS
We've already seen it!

99 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM ONE -- DAY 99

A Polaroid on a table. It is the photo Wild Bill gave to Mills. It's a picture of a belt, made with extra leather straps so it can be worn securely around the groin. It is a strap-on phallus, except there is no plastic protuberance. Instead, there is a metal knife -- it's a strap-on butcher's knife.

CRAZED MAN
And... and... and he said... he asked me if I was married. And, I could see he had a gun in his hand.

SOMERSET
Where was the girl?

CRAZED MAN
What? What?

SOMERSET
Where was the prostitute? Where was she?

The crazed man leans forward in his chair.

CRAZED MAN
She was... she was on the bed. She was just sitting on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

SOMERSET
Who tied her down? You or him?

CRAZED MAN
He had a gun. He had a gun... and he made it happen. He made me do it.
(sobbing)
He made me put that... that thing on. Oh, Christ. He made me wear it... and... and he told me to fuck her. He had the gun in my mouth.

The man slides to the floor and hides his face in his hands.

CRAZED MAN
The gun was in my throat.

Somerset looks up at the mirror in the room. He stands and picks up the Polaroid as two cops enter to collect the crazed man.

100 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM TWO -- DAY 100

Mills stands in this dirty room with the dirty, bald man from The Hot House's reception area booth.

MILLS (X)
You didn't hear screams? You didn't see anything? Nothing? Nothing seemed strange to you? (X)

BALD MAN (X)
No. (X)

MILLS (X)
There's no way in or out except right in front of your stinking cage, and you didn't notice when this guy walked past with a fucking package under his arm?! (X)

BALD MAN
Everybody who goes in there has a package under his arm. Some guys are carrying suitcases full of stuff. And, screams? There're screams coming out of there everyday. It goes with the territory, little boy!

MILLS
You like what you do for a living? You like the things you see?

The bald man smiles strangely.

BALD MAN
No. No, I don't. But, that's life.

101 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HOMICIDE BULLPEN -- EARLY EVENING 101(X

The blackboard:

1 ~~gluttony~~	5 wrath
2 ~~greed~~	6 pride
3 ~~sloth~~	7 ~~lust~~
4 envy	

The case has continued its growth. All the desks are now occupied. More information plastering the walls. Phones ring. Through a window into another room, one cop can be seen being interviewed by several eager reporters. Much activity.

Amongst all this, at their desks, Somerset and Mills are shell-shocked, silent. Somerset is looking at the blackboard. Mills is staring out an open window.

102 INT. BAR -- NIGHT 102(X

Somerset and Mills sit with a full pitcher of beer. The jukebox plays for the other customers. The walls of the bar are covered with trophies, plaques and other victory symbols.

SOMERSET
He'd come home and read me these morbid crime stories. Murders in the Rue Morgue. Le Fanu's Green Tea. My mother would give him hell because he was keeping me up till all hours.

MILLS
Sounds like a father who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps.

SOMERSET
One birthday he gave me my only brand new hardcover book, "The Century of the Detective," by Jurgen Thorwald. It traced the history of deduction as a science, and it sealed my fate, because it was real, not fiction. That a drop of blood or a piece of hair could solve a crime... it was incredible to me.

Somerset drinks, then pours more beer. Pause.

SOMERSET
You know... there's not going to be a happy ending to this. It's not possible.

MILLS
If we get him, I'll be happy enough.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

SOMERSET
No. Stop thinking it's good versus evil.

MILLS
How can you say that? Especially after today?

SOMERSET
You tell me... a man has beaten his wife, or a wife murders her husband. Wash the blood off the walls. Put the killer in jail. Who won?

MILLS
You do your job...

SOMERSET
But, there's no victory.

MILLS
Follow the law and do the best you can. It's all there.

SOMERSET
If we catch John Doe and he is the devil, if he is actually Satan, that might live up to our expectations. But, he's not the devil. He's just a man.

MILLS
Why don't you shut up for a while? You bitch and complain... you think you're preparing me for hard times? You're not. You're leaving. I'm staying to fight.

SOMERSET
Who are you fighting for? People don't want a champion. They just want to play lotto and eat cheeseburgers.

MILLS
Christ... how did you end up like this, huh?

SOMERSET
It wasn't one thing, if that's what you mean. It's just... I can't live anymore where apathy is embraced and nurtured as if it were a virtue.

MILLS
And, you're so much better than everyone, right?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 2 102

SOMERSET
Wrong. I sympathize completely. Apathy is a solution. In a lot of ways, it's easier to lose yourself in drugs than it is to cope with life. Easier to steal something than to earn it. Easier to beat a child than to raise it, because it takes so much work to love. To care.

MILLS
We're talking about people who are mentally ill. We're...

SOMERSET
I'm not. I'm talking about everyday life here. You can't afford to be this naive.

MILLS
Fuck you. Listen to yourself. You say, "The problem with people is they don't care, so I don't care about people." It doesn't make any sense, and you know why...?

SOMERSET
But, you do care?

MILLS
Damn right.

SOMERSET
And you're going to make a difference?

MILLS
(furious)
Yeah, "naive" as that may sound. And, I don't think you quit because you believe the things you're saying. I think you want to believe them, because you quit. You want me to agree with you: "Yeah, you're right, Somerset. This is fucked. Let's go live in a fucking log cabin." Well, I don't agree with you. I can't afford to. I'm staying.

Mills gets up, throws some money on the table.

MILLS
Thanks for the beer.

Mills leaves, other patrons watching him.

Somerset takes out a cigarette and goes to light it. The lighter won't light. When it finally does, Somerset's hand is trembling.

103 INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT 103

Mills comes quietly into the dark bedroom. Tracy is asleep on the bed. Mills takes off his suit jacket, puts it down.

He sits on a chair and unties one shoe, takes it off, then looks at Tracy. Looks at her a long moment.

He puts the shoe on the floor and goes to get on the bed. He kisses his wife's forehead, kisses her cheek, then wraps his arms around her. He holds her tight, kisses her again. Tracy stirs.

TRACY
Honey?

Mills runs his fingers along her face.

MILLS
I love you.

Mills holds her tighter. She wraps her arms around him. They lie together, clinging, holding tighter still.

104 OMIT 104

105 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT 105

Somerset is in bed. The metronome is sounding; tick... tick... tick... The SOUNDS of the CITY are LOUD.

Somerset closes his eyes, concentrates on the metronome. Tick... tick... tick... TWO MEN are HEARD outside, YELLING at each other. Somerset rolls over, restless. Tick... tick... tick...

GLASS is HEARD SHATTERING. Somerset opens his eyes. MORE GLASS, bottles being smashed. Somerset sits up. He reaches over, grabs the metronome and throws it against the wall.

106 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT 106

THWACK. Somerset's switchblade hits the dartboard on the wall and the blade embeds.

Somerset crosses the room, still dressed for bed. He is tense. He takes the switchblade from the dartboard, paces back across the room, turns, holds the blade, then throws. The blade sticks.

Somerset paces back to the dartboard, pulls the blade, paces back, throws the knife. THWACK. He goes to the board, gets the blade, paces, turns, throws. THWACK.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

SATURDAY

107 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- DAY 107

A clock on the wall says 12:30.

108 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- DAY 108

Three deputy detectives are reading John Doe's notebooks. PHONE RINGS from the other room.

109 INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- DAY 109

One deputy enters. He goes to the phone near the bed. The phone's been hooked into recording device with a speaker and tracing equipment. The deputy turns everything on, answers.

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(through speaker)
I've gone and done it again.

110 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- DAY 110

Somerset is looking around this femininely decorated bathroom with a forensic, GIL. Both wear rubber gloves.

In the sink, objects covered in blood: a pair of scissors, a hypodermic needle, first-aid tape and gauze bandages, a bottle of anesthetic, a straight razor and a tube of super glue.

GIL
He really did a number on her, didn't he?

Gil opens the plastic shower curtain and looks into the tub. The tub and shower wall are splattered with blood. The tub has a few inches of water in it. The water is cloudy red. A few bits of tape and gauze float in it. Gil jiggles the drain's knob. Some bubbles pop up from the clogged drain.

111 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- DAY 111

PRIDE is written in lipstick on a full length mirror. Below that: I DID NOT KILL HER. SHE WAS GIVEN A CHOICE.

Mills and Dr. O'Neill are in the room. O'Neill goes through his black bag. They're by a bed where a WOMAN lies dead under a blanket. The woman's head is sloppily bandaged with heavy white gauze and tape. The gauze is stained by spots of blood. Only her eyes and mouth have been left uncovered. A zoo's worth of stuffed animals have been placed across the bed. The woman holds a stuffed unicorn.

Somerset enters from the bathroom as Mills reaches to take the unicorn from the woman's grasp.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

There is a cordless phone in her left hand, and her hand clings to it.

Her right hand holds a bottle of prescription pills. Mills tries to open the fingers of this hand with a tongue depressor, but they are super-glued to the bottle. Mills turns the woman's hand slightly so two red pills roll out onto the blanket.

SOMERSET
Sleeping pills.

Mills examines the left hand. The phone is glued into it.

O'Neill steps up, holding a thin pair of silver scissors. He leans to slide the scissors under the woman's bandage mask, starts cutting.

Somerset goes to a dresser where the woman's purse sits open. He takes out the driver's license and looks at the photo. The woman in the picture is stunningly beautiful.

SOMERSET
You see what he did?

Mills is watching the doctor work.

MILLS
He cut her up and dressed the wounds.

SOMERSET
(holds up his left hand)
Call for help, and you'll live. But, you'll be disfigured.
(raises right hand)
Or, put yourself out of your misery.

O'Neill removes the bandages. Mills looks away. We do not see. O'Neill looks to the detectives.

O'NEILL
He cut off her nose. (X

SOMERSET
To spite her face. (X

O'NEILL
And he did it very recently. (X

112 EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY 112

Mills' car pulls up in front of the precinct house. Mills and Somerset get out. They wade through cars towards the old precinct house building.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

SOMERSET
I've decided to stay on this, till it's over. Till it's either done or we can both see it's never going to finish.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 2 112

Mills remains impassive.

MILLS
Oh, you want to stay now?

SOMERSET
One of two things will happen. We're either going to get John Doe, or he'll finish his series of seven, and this case will go on for years.

MILLS
You think you're doing me a big favor by staying?

SOMERSET
I'm requesting you keep me on as your partner a few more days. You'd be doing me the favor.

Mills walks on.

MILLS
You knew I'd say yes.

SOMERSET
No, actually, I wasn't sure at all.

Somerset and Mills climb the stairs of the precinct house. Behind them, in the street, a TAXI pulls up and halts. (X

Cars behind begin BEEPING. People behind begin cursing and screaming for the taxi to move. (X

John Doe gets out, his brown work boots, pants and shirttails (X
are splattered with blood. He gives money to the DRIVER, then (X
walks towards the precinct house, hands in his pockets, like (X
he's out for a stroll. People on the sidewalk avoid him. (X

113 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECEIVING LOBBY -- DAY 113

Mills and Somerset walk past booking cubicles and benches of handcuffed low-lifes. Junkies are being led through by uniformed cops. The place is swimming with activity. The two detectives head to the wide duty desk at the end of the room.

SOMERSET
As soon as this is over, I'm gone.

MILLS
Big surprise.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

They pass through a gate and Somerset goes towards a staircase leading upstairs. Mills stops at the duty desk. Other cops are vying for the DUTY SERGEANT'S attention.

MILLS
Mills and Somerset are on the premises.

SERGEANT
Wonder-fucking-ful.

Another PLAIN CLOTHES COP behind the duty desk leans over to hold out a few phone-message note to Mills.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP
Your wife called before. Do us a favor and get yourself an answering machine. (X)

Mills nods and waves dismissively, pocketing the messages without looking at them and walking to follow Somerset.

JOHN DOE (o.s.)
Detective.

Mills heads towards the stairs.

JOHN DOE (o.s.)
Detective!

Mills looks back... stops.

John Doe stands inside the precinct house doors. He gives a very slight smile.

JOHN DOE
I know you.

Somerset stops, looks back down the stairs.

Mills is staring at Doe, not comprehending.

Doe holds up his arms as if to say, "Presto, here I am." All eyes go to the blood-soaked figure of John Doe. There comes a sudden, near-silence in the room.

One UNIFORMED COP takes out his gun, points it at John Doe.

UNIFORMED COP
It's him!

Several other cops drop what they're doing and draw weapons.

Mills, still off balance, takes out his own gun, walking back through the gate. He points the gun at John Doe.

(CONTINUED)

MILLS
Get down. Get down on the floor.

Cops move slowly in on Doe from all sides.

ANOTHER COP
You heard him, fuckface. Get down!

Somerset comes back through the gate.

SOMERSET
Be careful!

John Doe gets down on his knees, hands in the air. Mills, pulse pounding, steps up, gun in both hands. Not too close.

MILLS
Down! Face on the floor!

ONE COP comes from behind and nudges Doe with his foot.

ONE COP
Spread your legs and get your hands out in front of you!

John Doe lies on his stomach, obeying. Mills comes up and puts his gun right against Doe's head.

MILLS
Don't move. Don't move an inch.

One cop begins frisking Doe. Another comes to put on cuffs.

Somerset comes to Mills' side.

SOMERSET
I don't believe it.

JOHN DOE
(to Somerset)
Hello.

The cop putting on the handcuffs looks up at Somerset and Mills.

COP
What the fuck is this... ?

The cop holds up Doe's cuffed hands. Doe winces. Every single one of Doe's fingers has a bandage wrapped around it.

John Doe tries to muster a smile, his face pressed against the floor, glasses askew, gun at his temple.

JOHN DOE
(to Mills)
I want to speak with my lawyer.

114 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY 114

Mills holds a fingerprint card. The black ink prints are just useless blobs, smeared with blood.

Mills, Somerset and the Captain stand in darkness. Mills looks up from the print card through a two-way mirror into an interrogation room.

In the interrogation room, John Doe sits, handcuffed to the wall. This is not some superhuman serial killer.

He looks more like an eccentric college professor, not seething with anger, but looking around with calm, almost lazy eyes. The lawyer, MARK SWARR, sits taking notes and talking with Doe.

CAPTAIN
He cuts off the skin of his fingertips. That's why we can't find a single usable print in the apartment. He's been doing it for quite a while. Keeps cutting before the papillary line can grow back.

MILLS
What about the trace on his bank account and the guns? There must be something to connect him with a past.

CAPTAIN
So far it's all dead ends. No credit history. No employment history. His bank account's only five years old and it started as cash. We're even trying to trace his furniture, but for now all we know is he's independently wealth, well educated and totally insane. We may never know how he got that way.

SOMERSET
Because he is John Doe, by choice.

MILLS
When do we get to question him?

CAPTAIN
You don't. It goes to court now.

MILLS
He wouldn't just turn himself in. It doesn't make any sense.

Somerset moves from the window, crossing the room to sit.

CAPTAIN
Well, there he sits. It's not supposed to make sense.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

SOMERSET
He's not finished.

MILLS
He's pissing in our faces again and we're just taking it.

CAPTAIN
You're wound too tight, Mills. Let it go.

The captain walks. Mills is furious. He presses his fingers against the two-way-mirror, pushes to crack his knuckles loudly.

MILLS
(to Somerset)
You know he's fucking us.

SOMERSET
You and I are, probably for the first time ever, in total agreement. He wouldn't just stop.

MILLS
Well... what the fuck, man?

SOMERSET
He's two murders away from finishing his masterpiece. I can't even imagine how he'll try to finish it. Can you?

Mills looks in at John Doe. Somerset comes to stand beside.

MILLS
No.

SOMERSET
We'll wait for his plea.

115 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HOMICIDE BULLPEN -- DAY 115(X

Mills is at the desk, feet up. He stares at the blackboard.

1 ~~gluttony~~
2 ~~greed~~
3 ~~sloth~~
4 envy
5 wrath
6 ~~pride~~
7 ~~lust~~

Clock on the wall says 4:45. Somerset packs books into boxes, preparing for his eventual departure. No one else around.

The captain opens the door, steps in and clears his throat, looking like there is something making him very unhappy.

116 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY 116

Mills and Somerset stand together. The captain is behind his desk with Martin Talbot, the D.A., seated in front of him. Mark Swarr is addressing them all, seems nervous but in control.

SWARR
My client says there are two more bodies... two more victims, hidden away. He will take Detectives Mills and Somerset to these bodies, but only Detectives Mills and Somerset. Only at six o'clock today.

Talbot wipes his moist brow with a handkerchief.

TALBOT
Oh, Christ.

MILLS
Why us?

SWARR
He says he admires you.

SOMERSET
(to captain)
This is all part of his game.

SWARR
My client claims that if the detectives do not accept this offer, these two bodies will never be found.

TALBOT
Frankly, counselor, I'm inclined to let them rot.

CAPTAIN
We don't make deals, Mr. Swarr.

Mills gets in Swarr's face.

MILLS
Your boy's already in line to get his free (X)
room and board and fucking cable t.v. like (X)
everyone else. So, why don't you just (X)
thank us and be on your way? (X)

CAPTAIN
Ease back, Mills.

MILLS
(still to Swarr)
How can you defend this scumbag, huh? You (X)
proud of yourself?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

SWARR
I'm required by law to serve my clients to the best of my ability, and to serve their best interests.

Mills backs off.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

TALBOT
Well, we're going to have to pass.

SWARR
My client... he also wishes to inform you, if you do not accept, he will plead insanity, across the board.

TALBOT
(to no one in particular)
Let him try. I'd like to see him try.

SWARR
Come now, Martin. We all know, with the extreme nature of these crimes, I could get him off with such a plea.

Mills looks at Somerset. Somerset looks at him.

TALBOT
I'm not letting this conviction slide, I can tell you that.

SWARR
He says, if you accept, under his specific conditions, he will sign a full confession and plead guilty right now.

Talbot considers this. The captain studies Mills.

CAPTAIN
(to Mills)
What do you think?

MILLS
I'm in.

SWARR
It has to be both of you.

SOMERSET
If he were to claim insanity, this conversation is admissible. The fact that he's blackmailing us with his plea...

SWARR
And, my client reminds you, two more are dead. The press would have a field day if they found out the police didn't seem too concerned about finding them... giving them a proper burial.

SOMERSET
If there <u>really</u> <u>are</u> two more dead.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 2 116

Talbot's troubled. He unfolds a report from his pocket.

TALBOT
The lab report came up from downtown. They did a quickie on Doe's clothing and fingernails. They found blood from Doe, from him cutting his own fingers... there was blood from the woman whose face he cut off, and blood from a third party. As yet unidentified.
(pause, to Somerset)
You would be escorting an unarmed man.

Somerset thinks it over. He looks to Mills.

MILLS
Let's finish it.

Somerset looks at the floor, then at Swarr.

SOMERSET
(to the captain)
Well... get his fucking lawyer out of the room and we can talk about how this whole thing's going to go down.

117 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BATHROOM/LOCKER ROOM -- DAY 117

Somerset's hand reaches to the sink to pick up a razor.

Somerset and Mills are at the sinks, looking at themselves in mirrors, shirtless. They have shaving cream spread across their chests. Somerset flicks his cigarette in the sink, then brings the razor up to start shaving the hair off his chest. Mills is already doing the same.

SOMERSET
If John Doe's head splits open and a U.F.O. flies out, I want you to have expected it.

MILLS
I will.

They continue shaving.

MILLS
If I were to accidentally cut off one of my nipples, would that be covered by workman's compensation?

Somerset smiles just slightly.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

SOMERSET
I suppose so.
(pause)
If you were man enough to actually file the claim, I'd buy you a new one out of my own pocket.

Mills finishes shaving, washes and wipes his chest off with a towel. He turns dead serious.

MILLS
Listen, Somerset... I uh...

Mills pauses, sighs. Somerset stops shaving and looks at him.

SOMERSET
What is it?

MILLS
Well...
(pause)
It's nothing.

Mills continues shaving. Somerset watches him.

118 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY 118(X)

Somerset and Mills have their shirts open. A female technician tapes a transmitter and microphone to Mills' chest. Somerset is already wired up, pressing the adhesive to make sure it'll hold.

The technician finishes prepping Mills. Somerset buttons up his shirt. The technician packs up her kit, leaving. The room is quiet. Somerset picks up his bullet-proof vest, slides into it.

Mills looks at his watch. He puts on his own vest, fastening it tight. He looks at Somerset.

Somerset takes out a roll of antacids and pops a few. Mills holds out his hand and waits for an antacid. Somerset looks at him, flicks a few into Mills' palm. Mills chews them.

SOMERSET
Cold as ice.

Somerset picks up his gun off a chair. Mills picks up his gun. They both check them out and close them up. They lay the guns in the holsters at the small of their backs.

They look at each other. Somerset holds out his hand. Mills shakes it.

119 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, LOBBY -- DAY 119

The street is full of shadows as the sun is falling low. At the front of the precinct house, a throng of reporters shifts anxiously. A line of policemen holds them back.

Martin Talbot steps out of the precinct house, cops on either side of him. The press swarm lurches forward, flashbulbs exploding. Talbot holds out his hands, preparing to speak.

120 EXT. CITY STREET, PRECINCT HOUSE REAR -- DAY 120

At the rear of the precinct house, Mills leads John Doe into the back seat of Somerset's car. Somerset gets behind the wheel while Mills chains Doe in and then walks to the other side.

Mills gets in back with Doe. Somerset's car moves towards the exit of the fenced in parking lot. Mills pushes Doe's head down, making Doe duck down out of sight.

The car speeds up onto the street, passing a gathering of idle REPORTERS. The car turns a corner, heading into the grim city.

121 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP -- DAY 121

California is dressed in full battle gear, looking through binoculars to the city below. The wind blows hard.

A PILOT, holding two helmets, comes up behind California. A sleek police helicopter sits on the roof's helipad.

CALIFORNIA
Is this wind going to hurt us?

PILOT
Just makes the ride more fun.

The cocky pilot grins.

122 INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY 122

Somerset is at the wheel. Mills is behind the protective wire mesh, in the back seat beside John Doe. Doe's handcuffs are attached to ankle cuffs by a length of chain. He's looking out the window, sweaty but placid.

SOMERSET
Who are you, John? Who are you really?

John Doe looks to Somerset's eyes in the rearview mirror.

JOHN DOE
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

SOMERSET
I mean, at this point, what would it hurt if you told us a little about yourself?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 2 122

JOHN DOE
(pause)
It doesn't matter who I am. Who I am means absolutely nothing.
(looking out, to Somerset)
You need to turn left here... at the traffic light.

MILLS
Where we headed?

JOHN DOE
You'll see.

Mills looks a Doe for a long time in silence.

MILLS
We're not just going to pick up two more bodies, are we, Johnny? That wouldn't be... shocking enough. Not for you. Not for the newspapers.

JOHN DOE
Wanting people to pay attention, you can't just tap them on the shoulder anymore. You have to hit them with a sledgehammer. Then, you have their strict attention.

MILLS
What makes you so special that people should pay attention?

JOHN DOE
Not me. I'm not special. I'm not exceptional.
(pause)
This is, though. My work. What I'm doing. (X

MILLS
There's nothing special about these precious murders of yours.

JOHN DOE
That's not true.

MILLS
In two months, no one's even going to remember this happened. (X

Doe looks down for a moment, then looks up, almost shyly.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 3 122

JOHN DOE
You can't see the whole... the whole complete act yet. People will barely comprehend, but they won't be able to deny. (X)

MILLS
Could you be any more non-specific? I mean, as master plans go...

JOHN DOE
I can't wait for you to see. I can't wait.

Doe licks his lips. He clenches his hands into fists, digging his bandaged fingertips into his sweaty palms.

MILLS
Well, I'll be standing right beside you the whole time. You be sure to let me know when this whole thing is done. Wouldn't want to miss it. (X)

JOHN DOE
Oh, don't worry. You won't...

123 INT, POLICE HELICOPTER -- DAY 123

The helicopter is in flight above the city. California is strapped in, hanging out the door. He holds a high powered automatic rifle, wears goggles and a helmet/headset.

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(through headset)
... you won't miss a thing.

Two other armed cops sit in the chopper's belly. California leans in and looks up towards the pilot.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

CALIFORNIA
(into helmet microphone)
Head over the bridge and keep them in sight. Just keep your distance.

The pilot looks back and nods.

124 EXT. CITY SKY -- DAY 124

The chopper dips, flying like a bullet over the polluted city, heading towards the setting sun.

125 EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY 125

Somerset's car moves along a highway at river's edge. Heading for a huge suspension bridge filled with speeding traffic ahead.

126 INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY 126

John Doe has his head against the window, looking up at the bridge, excited. He sits back, glances out the back window, then faces front, bites his lip, fidgety, like a kid on Christmas Eve.

Somerset's watching him through the rearview mirror.

SOMERSET
What's so exciting?

JOHN DOE
It's not too far now.

MILLS
(to John Doe)
I've been wondering, and maybe you can shed some light. Do people know when they're insane? Like, when you're in bed at night, do you ever just stop and say to yourself, "Man, oh, man, am I ever nuts. It's interesting, what a complete fucking fruitcake I am." (X) (X)

JOHN DOE
It's more comfortable for you... to label me insane.

MILLS
Seems a pretty accurate label to me.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

JOHN DOE
It's something I wouldn't expect you to accept... but, I did not choose. I was chosen. (X)

MILLS
Sure you were.

SOMERSET
I don't have any doubt you believe that, John. But, you're ignoring a glaring contradiction.

Silence. Doe lets a long moment pass, hesitant.

JOHN DOE
Meaning what?

SOMERSET
Well, I'm glad you asked. If you were chosen... as if by some higher power, your hand was forced... well...

Somerset turns in his seat to look Doe in the eye.

SOMERSET
... then it's strange you took so much pleasure in it.

Somerset stares at Doe. Doe stares back. After a moment, Somerset turns back to the road ahead.

SOMERSET
You enjoyed torturing those people. That's not really in keeping with martyrdom, is it?

It's the first time anything's gotten to Doe. He's ashamed, though trying not to let it bother him.

JOHN DOE
(long pause)
I... I doubt I enjoyed it any more than Detective Mills would enjoy time alone with me in a room without windows.
(looks to Mills)
Isn't that true? How happy would it make you to hurt me, with impunity.

MILLS
(coy mocking)
I wouldn't do something like that, Johnny. I like you. I like you a lot.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 2 126

JOHN DOE
You wouldn't because you know there are consequences. It's in those eyes of yours, though... nothing wrong with a man taking pleasure in his work.
(pause, shakes his head)
I won't deny my own personal desire to turn each sin against the sinner. (X

MILLS
You killed innocent people to get your rocks off. (X

JOHN DOE
Innocent? Is that supposed to be funny? An obese man, a disgusting man who could barely stand up. If you saw him on the street, you'd point him out to your friends. If you saw him while you were (X
eating, you wouldn't finish your meal. The lawyer. You both must have been secretly thanking me for that one. A man who dedicated his life to making money by lying with every breath he could muster... keeping rapists and murderers on the (X
streets.

MILLS
Murderers?

JOHN DOE
(ignoring)
A woman...

MILLS
Murderers like you?

JOHN DOE
(ignoring, louder)
A woman... so ugly on the inside that she couldn't bare to go on living if she couldn't be beautiful on the outside. A drug dealer... a drug dealing pederast, actually.
(laughs at that one)
And, don't forget the disease spreading whore. Only in a world this shitty could you even try to say these were innocent people and keep a straight face.
(getting worked up)
This is the point.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 3 126

JOHN DOE (cont'd)
We see a deadly sin on every street corner, in every home. And we tolerate it. Because it's common. It's trivial. Well, (X)
not anymore. I'm setting an example, and (X)
it's going to be puzzled over and studied and followed, from now on.

MILLS
Delusions of grandeur.

JOHN DOE
You should be thanking me.

MILLS
Why is that? (X)

JOHN DOE
You're going to be remembered, because of me. The only reason I'm here right now is (X)
I wanted to be.

MILLS
We would have caught you.

JOHN DOE
Really? Toying with me? Is that it? (X)
Letting five "innocent" people die until you finally felt like springing you trap?

Doe leans towards Mills, slowly getting to him.

JOHN DOE
(angrily)
Tell me what it was that gave me away. What was the indisputable evidence you were going to use against me right before I walked up to you and put my hands in the air.

MILLS
I seem to remember us knocking on your door.

JOHN DOE
And, I remember breaking your nose.
(leans further forward)
You're only alive because I didn't kill you.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 4 126

MILLS
Sit back.

John Doe doesn't sit back, staying very close.

JOHN DOE
(whispers)
I spared you.
(pause)
Remember that, Detective Mills, every time you look in the mirror at that nose on your face for the rest of your life. Or, should I say, for the rest of what life I've allowed you to have.

Mills shoves Doe back, gripping him, fed up and furious.

MILLS
I said, sit back, freak. Sit back!

Mills releases Doe. Doe takes a deep breath and lets it out.

In the front seat, Somerset turns to shoot a concerned glance at Mills, then faces front, looking in the rearview mirror.

IN THE MIRROR: Doe, calm, gives Somerset a smile.

Doe then turns his attention back out the passenger window, watching the world pass by, his face against the glass.

Mills looks out his window, letting his anger come down.

JOHN DOE
Don't ask me to pity those people. I don't mourn them anymore than I mourn the thousands who died in Sodom and Gomorrah.

Mills almost lets this pass, but can't. Blunted anger:

MILLS
You fuck. You really think what you did was God's good work?

Pause. John Doe is pressing his forefinger into the tip of his thumb, causing blood to drip from under the bandage.

JOHN DOE
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

127 EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING 12

The helicopter flies over huge, blackened industrial parks, past smokestacks spewing soot. The sky is turning crimson.

128 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 128

California leans way out, looking back at the city.

129 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 129

Somerset's car comes down this rocky, deserted strip, towards the industrial parks. The car tosses dirt into the air where it is captured on the wind.

130 EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING 130

The chopper roars, high, above the stretch of industrial road. This is the only road through vast desert. Huge electrical towers carry power cables to the horizon.

131 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 131

California still leans out, gun poised, looks over the desert.

CALIFORNIA
There ain't no ambush out here. There ain't no fucking nothing out here.

PILOT (v.o.)
(through headset)
I'm not gonna be able to land anywhere near those wires.

CALIFORNIA
I know it. We got about two minutes before they come up behind us. Go high. Way up. In sixty seconds, cut to the east.

132 EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING 132

The chopper climbs, really moving.

133 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 133

Somerset's car comes down the road.

The car slows and stops. Mills gets out and goes to extract Doe.

Somerset gets out, looking west to the industrial parks and city beyond. The sky is red.

Somerset walks and looks to the east. The sky is darkening. Very far away, a passenger train moves to the east.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

Somerset watches the train, walking to the edge of the roadway. He looks down and steps back from what he sees.

A dog lies dead, old and moldering. Somerset turns to the car, where John Doe stands with Mills. Doe points with his cuffed hands to the dog, grins.

JOHN DOE
I didn't do that.

134 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 134

The wind howls, pounding on John Doe as he walks slowly, encumbered by the chain between his ankles. Mills is with Doe, squinting from the dust. He looks ahead, cautious. Somerset walks behind them.

Doe keeps looking back towards the car on the industrial road.

MILLS
What are you looking for?

Doe looks forward.

JOHN DOE
What time is it?

SOMERSET
Why?

Somerset looks at his watch. It's one minute after seven.

JOHN DOE
I want to know.

Mills gives Doe a shove.

Somerset looks back towards the industrial road, worried.

MILLS
Just keep leading the way.

JOHN DOE
It's close.

SOMERSET
Mills!

Mills and Doe look back at Somerset. Somerset is facing the industrial road, pointing. A van is coming, dust flying.

Somerset looks at Mills. Mills looks at Somerset. They take out their guns. Somerset starts towards the road.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

SOMERSET
Stay with him.

MILLS
Wait!

SOMERSET
There's no time to discuss it!

Somerset runs to head off the van.

John Doe begins walking to follow Somerset.

JOHN DOE
There he goes.

Mills levels his gun at John Doe's head.

135 EXT. DESERT, NEAR INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 135

Somerset runs, breathing hard, opening the top of his bullet-proof vest to speak into his hidden microphone.

SOMERSET
There's a van... coming down the industrial road. Coming from the west.

136 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 136

The chopper circles in the air with the sun behind it. Another cop is in the hatchway beside California, looking through binoculars. The RADIO RECEPTION is BREAKING UP, crackling.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(from headset)
... delivery van... west...

There's a BLAST of STATIC. California hits his helmet.

CALIFORNIA
God damn power lines.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(from headset)
... don't know what it is. Come around. Come around.

137 EXT. DESERT, NEAR INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 137

Somerset continues, charging to the road.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

SOMERSET
Just get ready for anything and wait for my signal. Wait for me.

138 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 138

Mills keeps the gun on John Doe, watches Somerset far off.

JOHN DOE
It's good we have some time to talk.

Doe starts walking again.

MILLS
Get down. Get down on your knees!

Mills grabs Doe and kicks his knees out, making Doe kneel.

Mills positions himself behind Doe. Now, Mills can keep the gun on Doe and still watch Somerset.

139 EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 139

Somerset comes up on the road, near his car. He signals for the van to stop, then fires a warning shot in the air.

The van is about one hundred yards away, still coming.

Somerset walks towards it, breathless, pointing his gun.

SOMERSET
Stop the van! Stop!

The van brakes, wheels sliding on the loose roadway. Stops. Somerset moves up to it, staying about ten feet away.

SOMERSET
Get out! Get out with your hands on your head! Do it now!

The driver of the van, a DELIVERYMAN, pushes the door open and slides out, slow, takes off his sunglasses.

DELIVERYMAN
Jesus Christ, man, don't shoot me!

SOMERSET
Turn around. Hands on your head!

DELIVERYMAN
What the hell's going on?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

SOMERSET
Who are you? What are you doing out here?

DELIVERYMAN
I'm... I'm just delivering a package.

140 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 140

California listens as the chopper spins over industrial parks.

DELIVERYMAN (v.o.)
(through headset)
It's just a package for this guy... David. Detective David Mills.

CALIFORNIA
Motherfucker.

The pilot looks back at California.

PILOT
Let's do it.

CALIFORNIA
No! Wait for Somerset!

141 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 141

Mills and Doe can see Somerset keeping his distance from the deliveryman. The deliveryman moves to the back of the van and opens the van's rear door.

JOHN DOE
When I said I admired you... I meant what I said. I do admire you.

Mills keeps his eyes on the van, but steps up to place his gun at the back of Doe's head. Pulls the hammer back.

MILLS
Shut up.

142 EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 142

Somerset comes to put his gun right behind the deliveryman's ear.

SOMERSET
Slowly.

The deliveryman nods, reaching to take a brown package, about a foot square, from the van.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

DELIVERYMAN
This... this guy paid me five hundred bucks to bring it out here. He wanted it here at exactly seven o'clock.

SOMERSET
Put it down. Put it on the ground.

DELIVERYMAN
Okay...

He puts it on the road and backs away, holding up his hands.

Somerset glances across the desert to see Doe on his knees with Mills behind him. Somerset looks at the package. Written on top: DETECTIVE DAVID MILLS -- HANDLE WITH CARE.

SOMERSET
(to deliveryman)
Face the van. Do it! Face it with your hands behind your head.

Somerset keeps his gun on the deliveryman and his eye on the box. The delivery man presses his face against the side of the van.

Somerset frisks him hastily, shoves his hand in the deliveryman's back pocket and pulls out his wallet.

SOMERSET
Turn around.

The deliveryman obeys. He's scared. Somerset goes through the wallet, shaking it, dumping it's contents on the ground.

He bends to retrieve the driver's license, looking at it and comparing it to the deliveryman's face. Somerset pockets the license, then moves to the van, opening the driver's door.

Somerset examines the driver's area, looks under the seat, then takes the keys from the ignition and pockets them. He motions to the deliveryman.

SOMERSET
Climb in... get me your registration.

DELIVERYMAN
Alright...

Somerset backs up, keeping his gun trained, while the deliveryman climbs across the front seat. Somerset pulls back his bullet-proof vest and speaks into the mic.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 2 142

SOMERSET
There's a package here. It's from John Doe.

Somerset doesn't know what to do. He walks around the package.

SOMERSET
I don't know... I don't know...

143 INT. HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 143

California's getting nothing but STATIC. He pounds his helmet, turning to look to the pilot.

CALIFORNIA
(into mic)
Bomb squad. Call it in now!

143A EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 143A

The deliveryman warily brings the registration to Somerset. Somerset glances at it, shoves it in his pocket, then reaches to take the deliveryman's i.d. tag off his uniform.

Somerset looks out towards Doe and Mills, then to the package.

143B INT. HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 143B

California waits, listening, looking into the blood-red sky.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(through headset)
I'm going to have to open it.

144 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 144

Mills watches Somerset push the deliveryman away.

JOHN DOE
I wish I could have been a normal man like you. I wish I could have a simple life.

MILLS
What the fuck is going on?!

145 EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 145

Somerset shoves the deliveryman.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

SOMERSET
Go. Run!

The deliveryman gladly starts running down the industrial road, not looking back.

Somerset turns. He walks, kneels in front of the package, reholstering his gun, talking into his microphone.

SOMERSET
I sent the delivery guy out on foot. Have him picked up. He's heading west.

Somerset pulls his switchblade, clicks it open.

SOMERSET
I'm opening the package now.

He cuts across the top of the box, hands shaking, cuts quickly.

He fumbles with the thick tape, ripping it.

He pulls the box open, pulls at some bubble-wrap inside.

146 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING 146

The pilot grits his teeth. STATIC ROARS.

PILOT
(into helmet mic)
We lost him. Let's go!

CALIFORNIA
We are going to wait!

California listens. FAINTLY, through WHITE NOISE:

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(through headset)
Oh, Christ... oh Christ...

147 EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 147

Somerset stumbles backwards, away from the open box.

He is horribly shaken, eyes filled with numb fear. He leans against the van for support, wretches, sick, holds the back of his hand to his mouth.

SOMERSET
No...

148 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 148

Mills is watching Somerset, grabs John Doe by the shirt.

MILLS
Get up. Stand up! Let's go!

Doe stands, tries to walk. Mills is moving quickly, towards Somerset. Doe can't keep up.

JOHN DOE
You've made a good life for yourself...

MILLS
Shut up!

Doe falls and Mills starts dragging him.

149 EXT. DESERT, INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING 149

Somerset wipes saliva from his lips and tears from his eyes. He takes a deep breath, looks to see Mills dragging Doe.

SOMERSET
Oh, fuck, no...

Somerset straightens, tries to pull himself together. He swallows, draws his gun.

SOMERSET
(into hidden mic)
Listen... listen to me. Whatever you do... don't come in here. Stay away. No matter what you hear, do not move in!
(starts towards Mills)
John Doe has the upper hand.

Somerset picks up his switchblade and flips the blade back in. He enters the flatlands, running.

150 EXT. DESERT -- EARLY EVENING 150

Mills sees Somerset coming and pulls Doe so that Doe stands.

JOHN DOE
(quietly, watching)
Here he comes.

MILLS
(shouts to Somerset)
What the fuck is going on?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

JOHN DOE
(to Mills)
I wish I could have lived like you do. (X

Somerset keeps running towards Mills. (X

SOMERSET
Put down your gun! Throw it away! (X

Mills leaves Doe behind, walks towards Somerset, gun down.

MILLS
What?

Somerset is fifty yards away and closing.

SOMERSET
Throw your gun down now!

MILLS
What are you talking about? (X

JOHN DOE
Do you hear me, Detective Mills? I'm trying to tell you how much I admire you, and your pretty wife... Tracy.

Mills freezes, turns to John Doe.

MILLS
(to Doe)
What did you say?

Doe smiles.

Somerset slows, close by, out of breath.

SOMERSET
Throw your weapon, detective! (X

JOHN DOE
(to Mills)
It's disturbing how easily a member of the press can purchase information from the men in your precinct.

SOMERSET
David... please...

JOHN DOE
I visited your home this morning, after you'd left.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 2 150

Mills is filled with aching terror.

JOHN DOE
I tried to play husband... tried to taste the life of a simple man. It didn't work out... but I took a souvenir.

Mills turns to look at Somerset with pleading eyes. Somerset holds out his hand.

SOMERSET
Give me the gun.

JOHN DOE
Her pretty head.

MILLS
Somerset?

JOHN DOE
Because I envy your "normal" life. It seems envy is my sin.

Fury rises in Mills. He grips John Doe's shirt collar, pressing his gun against John Doe's forehead.

MILLS
It's not true.

Somerset raises his gun and points it at Mills.

SOMERSET
I can't let you do this.

Mills sees Somerset's gun, raises his gun to Somerset, still gripping Doe.

MILLS
What's in it?

Somerset keeps his gun on Mills, can't hold back tears.

MILLS
What's in the fucking box!?

Somerset still cannot answer, gun in his hand trembling.

JOHN DOE
He just told you.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 3 150

MILLS
Say it's not true.

JOHN DOE
Oh, it is.

SOMERSET
This is what he wants.

Mills stares at Somerset, gun pointed. The wind whips across them. The HELICOPTER can be HEARD distantly.

JOHN DOE
Become vengeance, David...

Mills turns his gun back to John Doe.

MILLS
(to John Doe)
Shut up!

Doe stares up at Mills with wild expectation.

JOHN DOE
Become wrath...

MILLS
Shut your fucking mouth!

Mills pistol whips Doe across the face, knocks him to one side. Doe straightens, still on his knees, face bloodied.

JOHN DOE
Kill me.

Doe lowers his head, waiting for execution.

SOMERSET
He wants you to do it!

Mills holds the gun at Doe's head, undecided, furious, pulls the hammer back.

SOMERSET
You murder a suspect, you're throwing everything away. I won't let you do it.

MILLS
Fuck you! You won't say anything. He tried to run... I fucking shot him... whatever...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 4 150

Mills tears at his bullet-proof vest, reaching under to yank at the microphone and receiver...

MILLS
No one has to know.

He rips off the wire and throws it aside, standing with the gun aimed at John Doe's head.

SOMERSET
If you're gone, who fights?!

MILLS
For what?!

JOHN DOE
Don't listen!

SOMERSET
David! Who takes my place if you're gone?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 5 150

JOHN DOE
She begged for her life, detective...

Somerset edges towards them, gun leveled at Mills all the while.

JOHN DOE
She begged for her life... and for the life of the baby inside her.

Mills' face fills with confusion -- then a wave of horror.

Doe's eyes register shock.

Somerset lowers his gun, not pointing it anymore, tears in his eyes.

JOHN DOE
You didn't know.

Mills gags, tears welling up, both hands on his gun, trying to bring himself to pull the trigger.

SOMERSET
If you kill him... he wins.

John Doe closes his eyes.

A pause. Mills is trembling.

MILLS
Okay... he wins.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

Somerset shakes his head.

SOMERSET
Looks like a pro.

MILLS
Whoever she is, she caught John Doe's eye.

SOMERSET
Let's put it over the wire, starting with vice. Maybe we'll get lucky and find her.

The door opens. It's the captain.

CAPTAIN
It's been a long day, kids. Go home. Just make sure you sleep with the phone between your legs.

91A INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT 91A

Mills' bloodied shirt is on the back of a chair. The SHOWER is HEARD from the adjoining bathroom. Tracy has the phone to her ear, waiting for an answer, glancing to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: 91A

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(from phone)
Hello.

TRACY
(into phone)
Hello, William? It's Tracy.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(from phone)
Tracy, is everything alright?

TRACY
(into phone)
Yes, yes, everything's fine.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
Where's David?

TRACY
He's in the shower, in the other room. I'm sorry to call like this.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
It's alright, I suppose.

TRACY
I, um... I need to talk to someone. Can you meet me somewhere... maybe tomorrow morning?

92 INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT 92

CONVERSATION CONTINUES: Somerset is in bed, on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 6 150

Mills fires. BLAM!

John Doe flops back, covered in blood.

Somerset stands looking, miserable.

Mills stares down at Doe's corpse.

Long, long pause. Wind whistles across Somerset and Mills.

Doe bleeds onto the dirt, very dead.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
Feel better?

Pause.

MILLS
No.

Mills drops his gun and walks away.

150A EXT. DESERT (TIME CUT) -- LATER 150A

This is where John Doe died. There are many police cars and vans on the industrial road and across the floor of the desert. The police helicopter has landed in the distance.

A CORONER'S WAGON is parked where the final confrontation took place. Somerset stands watching as John Doe's BODY BAG is loaded into the back of the wagon.

The door of the wagon is slammed shut. The wagon drives away.

Somerset watches it go.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the pale, piece of wallpaper with the rose on it. He stares at it in his hand. He lets out a deep sigh, stare across the desert.

The captain breaks off from a group of officers, walking to Somerset, waiting a moment before speaking.

CAPTAIN
It's over.

Somerset nods without looking at him.

CAPTAIN
So... you're leaving, right?

Somerset looks down at the pale, paper rose. Pause.

(CONTINUED)

150A CONTINUED: 150A

He rips the paper into small pieces. (X)

Somerset drops the pieces and they blow away as he turns and walks past the captain. (X) (X)

SOMERSET
See you tomorrow. (X)

He walks towards the industrial road, towards his car. (X)

151 OMIT 151

152 OMIT 152